

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*From the bust at Stratford-upon-Avon*

A FIFTEENTH  
CENTURY  
ANTHOLOGY

EDITED

BY

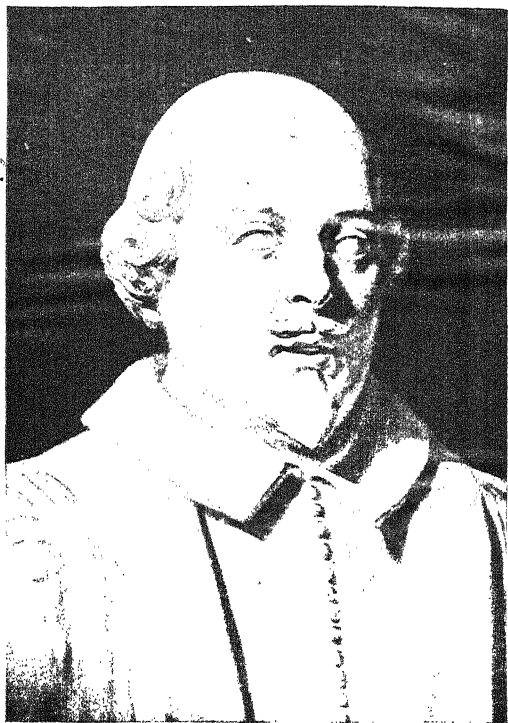
ARTHUR SYMONS

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*The great period of English poetry begins half-way through the sixteenth century, and lasts half-way into the seventeenth. In the poetry strictly of the sixteenth century, before the drama had absorbed poetry into the substance of its many energies, verse is used as speech, and becomes song by way of speech. It was the age of youth, and rejoiced, as youth does, in scarcely tried strength and in the choice of adventure. And it was an adventure to write. Soldiers and voyagers, Sidney, Raleigh, led the way as on horses and in ships. It is Raleigh, in the preface to a deeply meditated "History of the World", who speaks gallantly of "leisure to have made myself a fool in print". New worlds had been found beyond the sea, and were to be had for the finding in all the regions of the mind. There were buried worlds of the mind which had lately been dug up, lands had been newly colonized, in Italy and in France; a kind of second nature, it seemed to men in those days, which might be used not less freely than nature itself. And, just as the Renaissance in Italy was a new discovery of the mind, through a return to what had been*





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*found out in antiquity and buried during the Middle Ages, so, in England, poetry came to a consciousness of itself by way of what had already been discovered by poets like Petrarch and Ronsard, and even their later apes and mimics, Serafino or Desportes, among those spoils. Poetry had to be re-awakened, and these were the messengers of dawn. Once awakened, the English tongue could but sing, for a while, to borrowed tunes; yet it sang with its own voice, and the personal accent brought a new quality into the song. Song-writers and sonnet-writers, when they happened to be poets, found out themselves by the way, and not least when they thought they were doing honour to a foreign ideal.*

*And it was an age of music. Music, too, had come from Italy, and had found for once a home here. Music, singing, and dancing made then, and then only, the "merry England" of the phrase. And the words, growing out of the same soil as the tunes, took equal root. Champion sums up for us a whole period, and the song-books have preserved for us names, but for them unknown, of perfect craftsmen in the two arts. Every man, by the mere feeling and fashion of the time, took care*

*"to write*

*Worthy the reading and the world's delight".*

*It was an age of personal utterance; and men spoke frankly, without restraint, too nice choosing, or any of the timidities or exaggerations of self-consciousness. The personal utterance might take any form; whether Fulke Greville wrote "treatises" on the mind of man, or Drayton pried into the family affairs of the fairies, or Samuel Daniel thought out sonnets to Delia, or Lodge wantoned in cadences and caprices of the senses. It might seem but to pass on an alien message, in as literal a translation as it could compass of a French or Italian poem. In the hand of a poet two things came into the version: magic, and the personal utterance, if in no other way, through the medium of style.*

*Style, to the poets of the sixteenth century, was much of what went to the making of that broad simplicity, that magnificently obvious eloquence, which seems to us now to have the universal quality of the greatest poetry. The poets of the nineteenth century are no nearer to nature, though they seem more individual because they have made an art of extracting rare emotions, and because they take themselves to pieces more cunningly. Drayton's great sonnet is the epilogue, and Spenser's great poem the epithalamium, for all lovers; but it needs another Shelley to find out love in the labyrinth of "Epipsychidion". All*

*that is greatest in the poetry of the sixteenth century is open to all the world, like a wood, or Arcadia, in which no road is fenced with prohibitions, and the flowers are all for the picking.*

*And when, in the nineteenth century, poetry began again, it was to the poets of the sixteenth century that the new poets looked back, finding the pattern there for what they were making over again for themselves. A few snatches from Elizabethan song-books were enough to direct the first awakenings of song in Blake; Wordsworth found his gnomic and rational style, as of a lofty prose, in Samuel Daniel; Keats rifled the best sweets of Lodge's orchard; and Shelley found in the elegies of Michael Drayton the model of his incomparable style of familiar speech in verse, the style of the "Letter to Maria Gisborne". Every reader of modern verse will find something contemporary in even the oldest of the poems which follow; partly because modern verse is directly founded on this verse of the sixteenth century, and partly because the greatest poetry is contemporary with all the ages.*

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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## Anonymous Songs

Hey Nonny no!



Hey nonny no!

Men are fools that wish to die!

Is't not fine to dance and sing

When the bells of death do ring?

Is't not fine to swim in wine,

And turn upon the toe

And sing hey nonny no,

When the winds blow and the seas flow?

Hey nonny no!

## My Love in her Attire

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,  
It doth so well become her;  
For every season she hath dressings fit,  
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.  
No beauty she doth miss  
When all her robes are on:  
But Beauty's self she is  
When all her robes are gone.



Weep you no  
more, sad  
Fountains

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly, now softly lies  
Sleeping.

Phyllida's  
Love-call

*Phyllida.* Corydon, arise, my Corydon,  
Titan shineth clear.

*Corydon.* Who is it that calleth Corydon,  
Who is it that I hear?

*Phyllida.* Phyllida, thy true love, calleth  
thee,

Arise then, arise then;  
Arise and keep thy flock  
with me.

*Corydon.* Phyllida, my true love, is it she?  
I come then, I come then,  
I come and keep my flock  
with thee.

*Phyllida.* Here are cherries ripe for my  
Corydon,  
Eat them for my sake.

*Corydon.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely  
one,

Sport for thee to make.

*Phyllida.* Here are threads, my true love,  
fine as silk,

## PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL

To knit thee, to knit thee,  
A pair of stockings white  
as milk.

*Corydon.* Here are reeds, my true love,  
fine and neat,  
To make thee, to make thee,  
A bonnet to withstand the  
heat.

*Phyllida.* I will gather flowers, my Cory-  
don,  
To set in thy cap.

*Corydon.* I will gather pears, my lovely  
one,  
To put in thy lap.

*Phyllida.* I will buy my true love garters  
gay,  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about his legs so  
tall.

*Corydon.* I will buy my true love yellow  
say,  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about her middle  
small.

*Phyllida.* When my Corydon sits on a hill  
Making melody—

## PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL

*Corydon.* When my lovely one goes to her  
wheel,

Singing cheerily—

*Phyllida.* Sure methinks my true love doth  
excel

For sweetness, for sweetness,  
Our Pan, that old Arcadian  
knight.

*Corydon.* And methinks my true love bears  
the bell

For clearness, for clearness,  
Beyond the nymphs that be  
so bright.

*Phyllida.* Had my Corydon, my Corydon,  
Been, alack, her swain—

*Corydon.* Had my lovely one, my lovely  
one,

Been in Ida plain—

*Phyllida.* Cynthia Endymion had refused,  
Preferring, preferring,  
My Corydon to play withal.

*Corydon.* The queen of love had been ex-  
cused,

Bequeathing, bequeathing,  
My Phyllida the golden ball.

*Phyllida.* Yonder comes my mother, Cory-  
don,

Whither shall I fly?

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-SALE

*Corydon.* Under yonder beech, my lovely  
one,

While she passeth by.

*Phyllida.* Say to her thy true love was  
not here:

Remember, remember,

To-morrow is another day.

*Corydon.* Doubt me not, my true love, do  
not fear:

Farewell then, farewell then,

Heaven keep our loves  
alway.

Fain I Would,  
but oh I Dare not.

Fain I would, but oh I dare not,  
Speak my thoughts at full to praise her:  
"Speak the best," cries Love, "and spare  
not;  
Thy speech can no higher raise her:  
Thy speech than thy thoughts are lower,  
Yet thy thoughts doth not half know her."

How many New  
Years have  
grown Old

How many new years have grown old  
Since first your servant old was new!  
How many long hours have I told  
Since first my love was vowed to you!  
And yet, alas! she doth not know  
Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,  
And windows clear as any glass,  
Have I conjured to tell you so,  
Which faithfully performed was!  
And yet you'll swear you do not know  
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale lean face,  
With true characters of my love,  
Petitioned to you for grace,  
Whom neither sighs nor tears can move!  
O cruel, yet do you not know  
Whether your servant love or no?

*HOW MANY NEW YEARS .*

And wanting oft a better token,  
I have been fain to send my heart,  
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,  
Nor can you heal't by any art:  
O look upon't, and you shall know  
Whether your servant love or no.



Behold a  
Wonder here!

Behold a wonder here!  
Love hath received his sight,  
Which many hundred year  
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be  
By Cynthia in his eyes,  
As first have made him see  
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep  
For them that laugh the while,  
Nor wake for them that sleep,  
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerful is the Beauty  
That Love doth now behold,  
As love is turned to Duty  
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus Beauty shows her might  
To be of double kind;  
In giving Love his sight  
And striking Folly blind.



Do not, O do  
not Prize thy  
Beauty at too  
High a Rate

Do not, O do not prize thy beauty at too  
high a rate,  
Love to be loved whilst thou art lovely,  
lest thou love too late;  
Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows,  
At which spiteful age doth smile;  
Women in their froward vows  
Glorying to beguile.

Wert thou the only world's admired thou  
~~canst love but one,~~  
And many have before been loved, thou  
art not loved alone:  
Couldst thou speak with heavenly  
grace,  
Sappho might with thee compare;  
Blush the roses in thy face,  
Rosamond was as fair.

*DO NOT, O DO NOT PRIZE*

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty  
in her prime,

They that delight in long debating feel  
the curse of time:

All things with the time do change,

That will not the time obey;

Some even to themselves seem strange  
Thorough their own delay.

## I Saw my Lady Weep

I saw my Lady weep,  
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so  
In those fair eyes where all perfections  
keep.

Her face was full of woe,  
But such a woe (believe me) as wins  
more hearts  
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,  
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful  
thing;  
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;  
She made her sighs to sing,  
And all things with so sweet a sadness  
move  
As made my heart at once both grieve and  
love.

O fairer than aught else  
The world can show, leave off in time to  
grieve.

*I SAW MY LADY WEEP*

Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:

Tears kill the heart, believe.

O strive not to be excellent in woe,

Which only breeds your beauty's over-  
throw.

Since first  
I Saw your  
Face

Since first I saw your face I resolved to  
honour and renown ye;

If now I be disdained I wish my heart  
had never known ye.

What? I that loved and you that liked  
shall we begin to wrangle?

No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot  
disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that  
fault you may forgive me,

Or if my hands had strayed but a touch,  
then justly might you leave me.

I asked you leave, you bade me love; is't  
now a time to chide me?

No, no, no, I'll love you still what for-  
tune e'er betide me.

The sun whose beams most glorious are  
rejecteth no beholder,

And your sweet beauty past compare  
made my poor eyes the bolder:

*SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE*

Where beauty moves, and wit delights  
and signs of kindness bind me,  
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave  
my heart behind me.



**Let me not  
Chloris think,  
because**

Let me not Chloris think, because  
She hath envassell'd me,  
That her beauty can give laws  
To others that are free.  
I was made to be the prey  
And booty of her eyes:  
In my bosom, she may say,  
Her greatest kingdom lies.

Though others may her brow adore,  
Yet more must I that therein see far more  
Than any other's eyes have power to see;  
She is to me  
More than to any others she can be.

I can discern more secret notes  
That in the margin of her cheeks Love  
quotes  
Than any else besides have art to read;  
No looks proceed  
From those fair eyes but to me wonder  
breed.

*LET ME NOT CHLORIS THINK*

O then why  
Should she fly  
From him to whom her sight  
Doth add so much above her might?  
Why should not she  
Still joy to reign in me?

Art Thou that  
She than whom  
no Fairer is?

"Art thou that she than whom no fairer  
is?

Art thou that she desire so strives to  
kiss?"

"Say I am: how then?

Maids may not kiss

Such wanton-humoured men."

"Art thou that she the world commends  
for wit?

Art thou so wise and makest no use of  
it?"

"Say I am: how then?

My wit doth teach me shun

Such foolish, foolish men."

**My Love  
Bound me  
with a Kiss**

My Love bound me with a kiss  
That I should no longer stay;  
When I felt so sweet a bliss  
I had less power to part away:  
Alas! that women do not know  
Kisses make men loath to go.

Yes, she knows it but too well,  
For I heard when Venus' dove  
In her ear did softly tell  
That kisses were the seals of love:  
O muse not then though it be so,  
Kisses make men loath to go.

Wherefore did she thus inflame  
My desires, heat my blood,  
Instantly to quench the same  
And starve whom she had given food?  
Ay, ay, the common sense can show  
Kisses make men loath to go.

*MY LOVE BOUND ME*

Had she bid me go at first

It would ne'er have grieved my heart,  
Hope delayed had been the worst;

But ah to kiss and then to part!  
How deep it struck, speak, gods, you  
know

Kisses make men loath to go.

Love me not  
for Comely  
Grace

Love me not for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part:  
No, nor for a constant heart!  
For these may fail or turn to ill:

So thou and I shall sever.

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why!

So hast thou the same reason still  
To doat upon me ever.

At her Fair  
Hands how  
have I Grace  
Entreated

At her fair hands how have I grace entreated,

With prayers oft repeated!

Yet still my love is thwarted:

Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted.

Say, shall she go?

Oh, no, no, no, no, no!

She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,

Wherein I daily languish!

Yet still she doth procure it:

Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

## AT HER FAIR HANDS

The trickling tears that down my cheeks  
have flowed

My love have often showed;

Yet still unkind I prove her:

Heart, let her go, for nought I do can  
move her.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Though me she hate I cannot choose but  
love her.

But shall I still a true affection owe  
her,

Which prayers, sighs, tears do show  
her,

And shall she still disdain me?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can  
gain me.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

She made me hers, and hers she will re-  
tain me.

But if the love that hath and still doth  
burn me

No love at length return me,

Out of my thoughts I'll set her:

Heart, let her go, O heart, I pray thee,  
let her.



## AT HER FAIR HANDS

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Fixed in the heart, how can the heart  
forget her?

But if I weep and sigh and often wail  
me

Till tears, sighs, prayers fail me,

Shall yet my love persèver?

Heart, let her go, if she will right thee  
never.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Tears, sighs, prayers fail, but true love  
lasteth ever.

See, see,  
Mine own  
Sweet Jewel

See, see, mine own sweet jewel,  
What I have for my darling:  
A robin red-breast and a starling.  
These I give both in hope to move thee;  
Yet thou say'st I do not love thee.

Sweet Suffolk  
Owl, so trimly  
dight

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight  
With feathers like a lady bright,  
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,  
    Te whit, te whoo!  
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,  
With shrill command the mouse controls,  
And sings a dirge for dying souls,  
    Te whit, te whoo!

**While that the  
Sun with his  
Beams hot**

While that the sun with his beams hot  
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,

Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,  
Sitting beside a crystal fountain  
In shadow of a green oak-tree,  
Upon his pipe this song played he:  
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!  
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight,  
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;

And evermore you sobbed and sighed,  
Burning in flames beyond all measure.  
Three days endured your love for me,  
And it was lost in other three.

Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!  
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

*WHILE THAT THE SUN*

Another shepherd you did see,  
To whom your heart was soon en-  
chained;  
Full soon your love was leapt from me,  
Full soon my place he had obtained:  
Soon came a third your love to win;  
And we were out, and he was in.  
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!  
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure, you have made me passing glad  
That you your mind so soon removed,  
Before that I the leisure had  
To choose you for my best beloved:  
For all my love was passed and done  
Two days, before it was begun.  
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!  
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Say, Love,  
if ever Thou  
didst Find

"Say, Love, if ever thou didst find  
A woman with a constant mind."

"None but one."

"And what should that rare mirror be?"

"Some goddess or some queen is She."

She, She, She, and only She,  
She only queen of love and beauty.

"But could thy fiery poisoned dart  
At no time touch her spotless heart,  
Nor come near?"

"She is not subject to Love's bow:  
Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No'.  
No, no, no, and only No,  
One No another still doth follow.

"How might I that fair wonder know  
That mocks desire with endless 'No'?"

"See the moon  
That ever in one change doth grow,

*SAY, LOVE, IF EVER THOU*

Yet still the same: and She is so."  
So, so, so, and only So!  
From heaven her virtues she doth borrow.

"To her, then, yield thy shafts and bow  
That can command affections so."

"Love is free:

So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.  
There is no queen of Love but She."  
She, She, She, and only She,  
She only queen of love and beauty.

When Love on  
Time and Measure  
Makes his Ground

When love on time and measure makes  
his ground,

Time that must end, though love can  
never die,

'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,

A love not in the heart but in the eye;

A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now  
down,

A morning's favour and an evening's  
frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but  
as beams;

Fair words seem true, yet they are but  
as wind;

Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward  
streams;

Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest  
mind.

Looks, words, tears, sighs show love when  
love they leave;

False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and  
yet deceive.



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yet deceive.

Open the Door!  
Who's there  
Within?

"Open the door! Who's there within?  
The fairest of thy mother's kin,  
O come, come, come abroad  
And hear the shrill birds sing,  
The air with tunes that load!  
It is too soon to go to rest,  
The sun not midway yet to west:  
The day doth miss thee  
And will not part until it kiss thee."

"Were I as fair as you pretend,  
Yet to an unknown, seld-seen friend  
I dare not ope the door:  
To hear the sweet birds sing  
Oft proves a dangerous thing.  
The sun may run his wonted race  
And yet not gaze on my poor face;  
The day may miss me:  
Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me."

So saith my Fair  
and Beautiful  
Lycoris

So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris,  
When now and then she talketh  
With me of Love:

"Love is a sprite that walketh,  
That soars and flies,  
And none alive can hold him,  
Nor touch him, nor behold him."

Yet when her eye she turneth,  
I spy where he sojourneth:  
In her eyes there he flies,  
But none can catch him  
Till from her lips he fetch him.

Once did I Love  
and yet I Live

Once did I love and yet I live,  
Though love and truth be now forgotten;  
Then did I joy, now do I grieve  
That holy vows must now be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so,  
Mine be the grief though it be mickle;  
She shall have shame, I cause to know  
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list, I am content  
For that chameleon-like she changeth,  
Yielding such mists as may prevent  
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,  
For when that he and time hath proved  
her,  
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross:  
I say no more, because I loved her.

Once did my  
Thoughts both  
Ebb and Flow

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,  
As passion did them move;  
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—  
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,  
And tell how many minutes move;  
Once did I wishing waste the day,—  
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,  
The weeping trees did prove  
That wounds and tears were both our  
lot,—  
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath  
And in my mistress move,  
Once was I not mine own at all,—  
And then I was in love.

## *ONCE DID MY THOUGHTS*

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,  
And collars did approve,  
Once wore my clothes made out of wax,—  
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,  
My soul in numbers move,  
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—  
And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did dangling hang  
A little turtle-dove,  
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—  
And then I was in love.

## A Woman's Looks

A woman's looks  
Are barbed hooks,  
That catch by art  
The strongest heart  
When yet they spend no breath;  
But let them speak,  
And sighing break  
Forth into tears,  
Their words are spears  
That wound our souls to death.

The rarest wit  
Is made forget,  
And like a child  
Is oft beguiled  
With love's sweet-seeming bait;  
Love with his rod  
So like a god  
Commands the mind;  
We cannot find,  
Fair shows hide foul deceit.



## *A WOMAN'S LOOKS*

Time, that all things  
In order brings,  
Hath taught me how  
To be more slow  
In giving faith to speech,  
Since women's words  
No truth affords,  
And when they kiss  
They think by this  
Us men to over-reach.

Ha ha! ha ha!  
this World  
doth Pass

Ha ha! ha ha! this world doth pass  
Most merrily, I'll be sworn;  
For many an honest Indian ass  
Goes for an Unicorn.

Farra diddle dino;  
This is idle fino.

Ty hye! ty hye! O sweet delight!  
He tickles this age that can  
Call Tullia's ape a marmosyte  
And Leda's goose a swan.

Farra diddle dino;  
This is idle fino.

So so! so so! fine English days!  
When false play's no reproach:  
For he that doth the coachman praise,  
May safely use the coach.

Farra diddle dino;  
This is idle fino.

## Love's God is a Boy

Love's god is a boy,  
None but cowherds regard him,  
His dart is a toy,  
Great opinion hath marred him;  
The fear of the wag  
Hath made him so brag;  
Chide him, he'll fly thee  
And not come nigh thee.  
Little boy, pretty knave, shoot not at  
random,  
For if you hit me, slave, I'll tell your  
grandam.

Fond love is a child  
And his compass is narrow,  
Young fools are beguiled  
With the fame of his arrow;  
He dareth not strike  
If his stroke do mistake:  
Cupid, do you hear me?  
Come not too near me.

## *LOVE'S GOD IS A BOY*

Little boy, pretty knave, hence I beseech  
you,  
For if you hit me, knave, in faith I'll breech  
you.

The ape loves to meddle  
When he finds a man idle,  
Else is he a-flirting  
Where his mark is a-courting;  
When women grow true  
Come teach me to sue,  
Then I'll come to thee,  
Pray thee, and woo thee.

Little boy, pretty knave, make me not  
stagger,  
For if you hit me, knave, I'll call thee  
beggar.

Sweet Love, Mine  
only Treasure

Sweet love, mine only treasure,  
For service long unfeigned  
Wherein I nought have gained,  
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,  
To tell me in what part  
My Lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender,  
Like golden nets entwined  
Which fire and art have 'fined,  
Her thrall my heart I render  
For ever to abide  
With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,  
Wherein that fire was framed  
By which it is enflamed,  
I dare not look to find it:  
I only wish it sight  
To see that pleasant light.

## *SWEET LOVE*

But if her breast have deigned  
With kindness to receive it,  
I am content to leave it  
Though death thereby were gained.  
Then, Lady, take your own  
That lives by you alone.

## The Sea hath many Thousand Sands

The sea hath many thousand sands,  
The sun hath motes as many;  
The sky is full of stars, and love  
As full of woes as any:  
Believe me, that do know the elf,  
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy  
For babes to play withal;  
But O the honies of our youth  
Are oft our age's gall!  
Self-proof in time will make thee know  
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,  
Tells truth without belief;  
For headstrong youth will run his race,  
Although his goal be grief:  
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,  
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Love Winged my  
Hopes and Taught  
Me how to Fly

Love winged my hopes and taught me  
how to fly  
Far from base earth, but not to mount too  
high:

For true pleasure  
Lives in measure,  
Which if men forsake,  
Blinded they into folly run and grief for  
pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new-  
taught flight,  
Enamoured sought to woo the sun's fair  
light,

Whose rich brightness  
Moved their lightness  
To aspire so high  
That all scorched and consumed with fire  
now drowned in woe they lie.



*LOVE WINGED MY HOPES*

And none but Love their woeful hap did  
rue,  
For Love did know that their desires were  
true;

Though Fate frowned  
And now drowned  
They in sorrow dwell,  
It was the purest light of heaven for whose  
fair love they fell.

Now have I  
Learned with Much  
Ado at Last

Now have I learned with much ado at last  
By true disdain to kill desire;  
This was the mark at which I shot so fast,  
Unto this height I did aspire:  
Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare  
not,  
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to move  
my mind?  
What life to quicken dead desire?  
I count thy words and oaths as light as  
wind,  
I feel no heat in all thy fire:  
Go, change thy bow and get a stronger,  
Go, break thy shafts and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's  
blaze,

In vain thy wanton eyes allure;

*NOW HAVE I LEARNED*

These are but toys for them that love to  
gaze,

I know what harm thy looks procure:  
Some strange conceit must be devised,  
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

Farewell, Dear  
Love! since  
Thou wilt needs  
be gone

Farewell, dear love! since thou wilt needs  
be gone:

Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.

—Nay I will never die,

So long as I can spy;

There be many mo

Though that she do go.

There be many mo, I fear not;

Why, then, let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell! since this I find is true,  
I will not spend more time in wooing you.

—But I will seek elsewhere

If I may find her there.

Shall I bid her go?

What and if I do?

Shall I bid her go and spare not?

O no, no, no, no, I dare not.

## FAREWELL, DEAR LOVE

Ten thousand times farewell! yet stay  
awhile.

Sweet, kiss me once, sweet kisses time  
beguile.

—I have no power to move:

How now, am I in love!—

Wilt thou needs be gone?

Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone? O hie thee!

Nay; stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more farewell! I see “Loth to de-  
part”

Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart:

But seeing I must lose

Thy love which I did choose,

Go thy ways for me,

Since it may not be:

Go thy ways for me, but whither

Go?—oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I do? my love is now departed,  
She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted:

She would not be entreated

With prayers oft repeated.

If she come no more,

Shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

—Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

**Those Eyes that  
set My Fancy  
on a Fire**

Those eyes that set my fancy on a fire,  
Those crisped hairs that hold my heart  
in chains,

Those dainty hands which conquered my  
desire,

That wit which of my thoughts doth  
hold the reins:

Then, Love, be judge, what heart may  
therewith stand

Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such  
a hand?

Those eyes for clearness doth the stars  
surpass,

Those hairs obscure the brightness of  
the sun,

Those hands more white than ever ivory  
was,

That wit even to the skies hath glory  
won.

O eyes that pierce our hearts without  
remorse!

*THOSE EYES THAT SET*

O hairs of right that wear a royal crown!  
O hands that conquer more than Caesar's  
force!  
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside  
down!

**If Fathers  
Knew but how  
to Leave**

If fathers knew but how to leave  
Their children wit as they do wealth,  
And could constrain them to receive  
That physic which brings perfect health,  
The world would not admiring stand  
A woman's face and woman's hand.

Women confess they must obey,  
We men will needs be servants still;  
We kiss their hands, and what they say  
We must commend, be't ne'er so ill:  
Thus we, like fools, admiring stand  
Her pretty foot and pretty hand.

We blame their pride, which we increase  
By making mountains of a mouse;  
We praise because we know we please;  
Poor women are too credulous  
To think that we admiring stand  
Or foot, or face, or foolish hand.



Why canst  
Thou not, as  
Others do

Why canst thou not, as others do,  
Look on me with unwounding eyes?  
And yet look sweet, but yet not so;  
Smile, but not in killing wise;  
Arm not thy graces to confound;  
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you  
Than they can see in all the rest?  
For I can others' beauties view  
And not find my heart oppress.  
O be as others are to me,  
Or let me be more to thee.

O Night,  
O Jealous  
Night

O Night, O jealous Night, repugnant to  
my measures!

O Night so long desired, yet cross to  
my content!

There's none but only thou that can per-  
form my pleasures,

Yet none but only thou that hindereth  
my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps  
that burn too brightly,

Discover all my trains, and naked lay  
my drifts,

That night by night I hope, yet fail my  
purpose nightly;

Thy envious glaring gleam defeateth so  
my shifts.

Sweet Night, withhold thy beams, with-  
hold them till to-morrow!

Whose joy's in lack so long a hell of  
torment breeds.

## *O JEALOUS NIGHT*

Sweet Night, sweet gentle Night, do not  
prolong my sorrow:  
Desire is guide to me, and Love no  
lodestar needs.

Let sailors gaze on Stars and Moon so  
freshly shining;  
Let them that miss the way be guided  
by the light;  
I know my Lady's bower, there needs no  
more divining;  
Affection sees in dark, and Love hath  
eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia, couch awhile! hold in thy  
horns for shining,  
And glad not lowering Night with thy  
too glorious rays;  
But be she dim and dark, tempestuous  
and repining,  
That in her spite my sport may work  
thy endless praise.

And when my will is wrought, then, Cyn-  
thia, shine, good lady,  
All other nights and days in honour of  
that night,  
That happy, heavenly night, that night so  
dark and shady,  
Wherein my Love had eyes that lighted  
my delight.

Shall I Look  
to Ease  
my Grief

Shall I look to ease my grief?

No, my sight is lost with eying:

Shall I speak and beg relief?

No, my voice is hoarse with crying:

What remains but only dying?

Love and I of late did part,

But the boy, my peace envying,

Like a Parthian threw his dart

Backward, and did wound me flying:

What remains but only dying?

She whom then I looked on,

My remembrance beautifying,

Stays with me though I am gone,

Gone, and at her mercy lying:

What remains but only dying?

Shall I try her thoughts and write?

No, I have no means of trying:

If I should, yet at first sight

She would answer with denying:

What remains but only dying?

*SHALL I LOOK*

Thus my vital breath doth waste,  
And, my blood with sorrow drying,  
Sighs and tears make life to last  
For a while, their place supplying:  
What remains but only dying?

What Plea-  
sure have  
Great Princes

What pleasure have great princes  
More dainty to their choice  
Than herdsmen wild, who careless,  
In quiet life rejoice,  
And fortune's fate not fearing  
Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings plain and rightful,  
Are void of all deceit;  
They never know how spiteful  
It is to kneel and wait  
On favourite presumptuous  
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;  
At night they take their rest;  
More quiet than who sendeth  
His ship into the East,  
Where gold and pearl are plenty;  
But getting, very dainty.

## *WHAT PLEASURE HAVE*

For lawyers and their pleading,  
They 'steem it not a straw;  
They think that honest meaning  
Is of itself a law:  
Whence conscience judgeth plainly,  
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth!  
Not caring much for gold;  
With clothing which sufficeth  
To keep him from the cold.  
Though poor and plain his diet,  
Yet merry it is, and quiet.

Yet if His  
Majesty our  
Sovereign  
Lord

Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow  
night",

How should we stir ourselves, call and  
command

All hands to work! "Let no man idle  
stand.

Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,

See they be fitted all;

Let there be room to eat,

And order taken that there want no meat.

See every scone and candlestick made  
bright,

That without tapers they may give a  
light.

Look to the presence: are the carpets  
spread,

The dais o'er the head,



*YET IF HIS MAJESTY*

The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his  
place."

Thus if the king were coming would we  
do,

And 't were good reason too;

For 'tis a duteous thing

To show all honour to an earthly king.

And after all our travail, and our cost,  
So he be pleased to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven

All's set at six and seven:

We wallow in our sin,

Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.

We entertain him always like a stranger,

And as at first still lodge him in the  
manger.

Let not  
the Sluggish  
Sleep

Let not the sluggish sleep  
Close up thy waking eye,  
Until with judgment deep  
Thy daily deeds thou try:  
He that one sin in conscience keeps  
When he to quiet goes,  
More venturous is than he that sleeps  
With twenty mortal foes.

Brown is  
my Love, but  
Graceful

Brown is my Love, but graceful:  
And each renowned whiteness  
Matched with thy lovely brown loseth its  
brightness.

Fair is my Love, but scornful:  
Yet have I seen despised  
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well  
prized.

Fain would  
I Change  
that Note

Fain would I change that note  
To which fond love hath charmed me  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harmed me:  
Yet when this thought doth come,  
"Love is the perfect sum  
Of all delight,"  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy ripe fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee;  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee.

Brown is  
my Love, but  
Graceful

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## Sir Thomas Wyatt

### Yea or Nay

Madam, withouten many words  
Once I am sure you will or no;  
And if you will, then leave your boards  
And use your wit and show it so.

For with a beck you shall me call;  
And if of one that burns alway  
You have pity or ruth at all,  
Answer him fair with yea or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain;  
If it be nay, friends as before;  
You shall another man obtain,  
And I mine own, and yours no more.





# Edmund Spenser

## Epithalamion

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes  
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,  
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful  
rhymes,  
That even the greatest did not greatly  
scorn  
To hear their names sung in your simple  
lays,  
But joyed in their praise;  
And when ye list your own mishaps to  
mourn,  
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck  
did raise,  
Your string could soon to sadder tenor  
turn,  
And teach the woods and waters to lament  
Your doleful dreriment:  
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,

## EPITHALAMION

And having all your heads with garland  
crowned,

Help me mine own love's praises to  
resound;

Ne let the same of any be envied:

So Orpheus did for his own bride,

So I unto myself alone will sing;

The woods shall to me answer, and my  
echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp  
His golden beam upon the hills doth  
spread,

Having disperst the night's uncheerful  
damp,

Do ye awake; and with fresh lustihead

Go to the bower of my beloved love,

My truest turtle dove:

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,

And long since ready forth his mask to  
move,

With his bright tead that flames with  
many a flake,

And many a bachelor to wait on him,

In their fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soon her  
dight,

For lo! the wished day is come at last,

That shall for all the pains and sorrows  
past

## EPITHALAMION

Pay to her usury of long delight:  
And, whilst shè doth her dight,  
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you  
can hear,

Both of the rivers and the forests green,  
And of the sea that neighbours to her  
near;

All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.  
And let them also with them bring in  
hand

Another gay garland,  
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,  
Bound truelove-wise, with a blue silk  
riband.

And let them make great store of bridal  
posies

And let them eke bring store of other  
flowers,

To deck the bridal bowers.

And let the ground whereas her foot shall  
tread,

For fear the stones her tender foot should  
wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all  
along;

And diapered like the discoloured mead.

## EPITHALAMION

Which done, do at her chamber door  
    await,  
For she will waken straight,  
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing;  
The woods shall to you answer, and your  
    echo ring.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful  
    heed  
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,  
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed  
(Those trouts and pikes all others do  
    excel);  
And ye likewise, which keep the rushy  
    lake  
Where none do fishes take,  
Bind up the locks the which hang scat-  
    tered light,  
And in his waters, which your mirror  
    make,  
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,  
That when you come whereas my love  
    doth lie,  
No blemish she may spy.  
And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep  
    the door,  
That on the hoary mountain used to  
    tower,  
And the wild wolves which seek them  
    to devour

## EPITHALAMION

With your steel darts do chase from  
coming near;  
Be also present here,  
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is  
time;  
The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's  
bed,  
All ready to her silver coach to climb;  
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious  
head.  
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant  
their lays,  
And carol of love's praise.  
The merry Lark his matins sings aloft;  
The Thrush replies; the Mavis descant  
plays;  
The Ouzel shrills; the Ruddock warbles  
soft;  
So goodly all agree with sweet consent  
To this day's merriment.  
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus  
long,  
When meeter were that ye should now  
awake,  
To await the coming of your joyous  
make,

## EPITHALAMION

And hearken to the birds' lovelearned  
song,  
The dewy leaves among?  
For they of joy and pleasance to you  
sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and  
their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,  
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed  
were  
With darksome cloud, now show their  
goodly beams  
More bright than Hesperus his head doth  
rear.  
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of  
delight,  
Help quickly her to dight:  
But first come ye, fair hours, which were  
begot,  
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and  
Night;  
Which do the seasons of the year allot,  
And all that ever in this world is fair  
Do make and still repair:  
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian  
Queen,  
The which do still adorn her beauty's  
pride,  
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:

## EPITHALAMION

And, as ye her array, still throw between  
Some graces to be seen;  
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,  
The whiles the woods shall answer, and  
your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:  
Let all the virgins therefore well await;  
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her  
groom,  
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming  
straight.

Set all your things in seemly good array,  
Fit for so joyful day:  
The joyful'st day that ever Sun did see.  
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,  
And let thy lifefull heat not fervent be,  
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!  
If ever I did honour thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind  
delight,

Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;  
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;  
Let all the rest be thine:

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will  
sing,

That all the woods shall answer, and  
their echo ring.



## EPITHALAMION

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining  
bright,  
Her forehead ivory white,  
Her cheeks like apples which the sun  
hath rudded,  
Her lips like cherries charming men to  
bite,  
Her breast like to a bowl of cream un-  
crudded,  
Her paps like lilies budded,  
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;  
And all her body like a palace fair,  
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,  
To honour's seat and chastity's sweet  
bower.  
Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your  
echo ring?  
But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lively spright,  
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high  
degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that  
sight,  
And stand astonished like to those which  
read  
Medusa's mazeful head.



## EPITHALAMION

When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces.  
Bring her up to the high altar, that she  
may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endless matrimony make;  
And let the roaring Organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;  
The whiles, with hollow throats,  
The Choristers the joyous Anthem sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their  
echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And blesseth her with his two happy  
hands,

How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil  
stain,

Like crimson dyed in grain;  
That even the Angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service and about her fly,  
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more  
fair,

The more they on it stare.  
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the  
ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,

## EPITHALAMION

That suffers not one look to glance awry,  
Which may let in a little thought un-  
sound.

Why blush ye, love, to give to me your  
hand,

The pledge of all our band?

Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride  
again;

Bring home the triumph of our victory;  
Bring home with you the glory of her  
gain,

With joyance bring her and with jollity;  
Never had man more joyful day than this,  
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.  
Make feast therefore now all this live-long  
day;

This day for ever to me holy is.

Pour out the wine without restraint or  
stay,

Pour not by cups but by the belly-full,

Pour out to all that wull,

And sprinkle all the posts and walls with  
wine,

That they may sweat, and drunken be  
withal,

Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,

## EPITHALAMION

And Hymen also crown with wreaths of  
vine:

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,  
For they can do it best:

The whiles the maidens do their carol  
sing,

To which the woods shall answer, and  
their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the  
town,

And leave your wonted labours for this  
day:

This day is holy; do ye write it down,  
That ye for ever it remember may.

This day the sun is in his chiefest height,  
With Barnaby the bright,

From whence declining daily by degrees,  
He somewhat loseth of his heat and  
light,

When once the Crab behind his back he  
sees.

But for this time it ill ordained was,

To choose the longest day in all the year,  
And shortest night, when longest fitter  
were:

Yet never day so long but late would  
pass.

Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,  
And bonfires make all day;

## EPITHALAMION

And dance about them, and about them  
sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have  
end,

And lend me leave to come unto my love?

How slowly do the hours their numbers  
spend;

How slowly does sad Time his feathers  
move!

Haste thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home  
Within the Western foam:

Thy tired steeds long since have need of  
rest.

Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,  
And the bright evening star with golden  
crest

Appear out of the East.

Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of  
love!

That all the host of heaven in ranks dost  
lead,

And guidest lovers through the night's sad  
dread,

How cheerfully thou lookest from above,  
And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling  
light,

As joying in the sight

## EPITHALAMION

Of these glad many, which for joy do  
sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their  
echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-  
past;

Enough is it that all the day was yours:  
Now day is done, and night is nighing  
fast,

Now bring the Bride into the bridal  
bowers.

Now night is come, now soon her disarray,  
And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lilies and in violets,

And silken curtains over her display,

And odoured sheets, and Arras coverlets.

Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,  
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took

In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,

Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary  
was,

With bathing in the Acidalian brook.

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,

And leave my love alone;

And leave likewise your former lay to  
sing:

The woods no more shall answer, nor your  
echo ring.

## EPITHALAMION

Now welcome, night! thou night so long  
expected,

That long day's labour dost at last defray,  
And all my cares, which cruel love collected,

Has summed in one, and cancelled for  
aye:

Spread thy broad wing over my love and  
me,

That no man may us see;

And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,  
From fear of peril and foul horror free.

Let no false treason seek us to entrap,  
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy

The safety of our joy;

But let the night be calm and quiet some,  
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray:

Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena  
lay,

When he begot the great Tirynthian  
groom:

Or like as when he with thyself did lie,  
And begot Majesty.

And let the maids and young men cease to  
sing;

Ne let the woods them answer, nor their  
echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,  
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:



*EPITHALAMION*

Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,  
Break gentle sleep with misconceived  
doubt.  
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful  
sights,  
Make sudden sad affrights;  
Ne let housefires, nor lightning's helpless  
harms,  
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprights,  
Ne let mischievous witches with their  
charms,  
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense  
we see not,  
Fray us with things that be not;  
Let not the Screech-Owl, nor the Stork,  
be heard;  
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly  
yells;  
Nor damned ghosts, called up with mighty  
spells;  
Nor grisly vultures make us once affeard:  
Ne let the unpleasant choir of Frogs still  
croaking  
Make us to wish their choking.  
Let none of these their dreary accents sing;  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their  
echo ring.  
But let still Silence true night watches keep,  
That sacred peace may in assurance reign,

## EPITHALAMION

And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep,  
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant  
plain;

The whiles an hundred little winged loves,  
Like divers-feathered doves,  
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,  
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,  
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares  
shall spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,  
Concealed through covert night.

Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at  
will;

For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,  
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,  
Than what we do, albeit good or ill.

All night therefore attend your merry play,  
For it will soon be day:

Now none doth hinder you, that say or  
sing;

Ne will the woods now answer, nor your  
echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window  
peeps,

Or whose is that fair face that shines so  
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,  
But walks about high heaven all the  
night?

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Make us to wish their choking.

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echo ring.

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That sacred peace may in assurance reign.

*EPITHALIMION*

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May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant  
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Like divers-feathered doves,  
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,  
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To filch away sweet snatches of delight,  
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Or whose is that fair face that shines so  
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,  
But walks about high heaven all the  
night?

## EPITHALAMION

O, fairest goddess! do thou not envy  
My Love with me to spy;  
For thou likewise didst love, though now  
unthought,  
And for a fleece of wool, which privily  
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee  
brought,  
His pleasures with thee wrought.  
Therefore to us be favourable now;  
And sith of women's labours thou hast  
charge,  
And generation goodly dost enlarge,  
Encline thy will to effect our wishful vow,  
And the chaste womb inform with timely  
seed,  
That may our comfort breed:  
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to  
sing;  
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo  
ring.

And thou, great Juno, which with awful  
might  
The laws of wedlock still doth patronize,  
And the religion of the fifth first plight  
With sacred rites hast taught to solem-  
nize;  
And eke for comfort often called art  
Of women in their smart;  
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,

## EPITHALAMION

And all thy blessings unto us impart.  
And thou, glad Genius, in whose gentle  
hand

The bridal bower and genial bed remain,  
Without blemish or stain;

And the sweet pleasures of their loves'  
delight

With secret aid dost succour and supply,  
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;  
Send us the timely fruit of this same night:  
And thou, fair Hebe, and thou, Hymen  
free,

Grant that it may so be!

Till which we cease your further praise to  
sing;

Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo  
ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the  
gods,

In which a thousand torches flaming  
bright

Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods  
In dreadful darkness lend desired light;

And all ye powers which in the same  
remain,

More than we men can fain,

Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,

And happy influence upon us rain,

That we may raise a large posterity,



## EPITHALAMION

Which from the earth, which they may  
long possess  
With lasting happiness,  
Up to your haughty palaces may mount:  
And, for the guerdon of their glorious  
merit,  
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,  
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.  
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,  
And cease till then our timely joys to  
sing;  
The woods no more us answer, nor our  
echo ring.

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,  
With which my love should duly have been  
decked,  
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,  
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,  
But promised both to recompense;  
Be unto her a goodly ornament,  
And for short time an endless monument!

## Perigot and Willy's Roundelay

*Perigot.* It fell upon a holy eve,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, holiday!)

*Perigot.* When holy fathers went to  
shrieve,

*Willy.* (Now 'ginneth this roundelay),

*Perigot.* Sitting upon a hill so high,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the high hill!)

*Perigot.* The while my flock did feed  
thereby,

*Willy.* The while the shepherd's self  
did spill;

*Perigot.* I saw the bouncing Bellibone,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, Bonnibell!)

*Perigot.* Tripping over the dale alone;

*Willy.* (She can trip it very well!)

*Perigot.* Well decked in a frock of gray,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, gray is greet!)

*Perigot.* And in a kirtle of green say

*Willy.* (The green is for maidens meet).

## PERIGOT AND WILLY

*Perigot.* A chapelet on her head she wore,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the chapelet!)

*Perigot.* Of sweet violets therein was store,

*Willy.* She sweeter than the violet.

*Perigot.* My sheep did leave their wonted food,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, silly sheep!)

*Perigot.* And gazed on her as they were wood,

*Willy.* Wood as he that did them keep.

*Perigot.* As the bonny lass passed by,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, bonny lass!)

*Perigot.* She roved at me with glancing eye,

*Willy.* As clear as the crystal glass:

*Perigot.* All as the sunny beam so bright

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the sunbeam!)

*Perigot.* Glanceth from Phoebus' face forth-right,

*Willy.* So love into my heart did stream.

*Perigot.* Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the thunder!)

*Perigot.* Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,

*Willy.* So cleaves thy soul asunder;

*Perigot.* Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray

PERIGOT AND WILLY

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the moonlight!)

*Perigot.* Upon the glittering wave doth  
play,

*Willy.* Such play is a piteous plight:

*Perigot.* The glance into my heart did  
glide,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the glider!)

*Perigot.* Therewith my soul was sharply  
gride;

*Willy.* Such wounds soon waxen wider.

*Perigot.* Hasting to wrench the arrow out,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, Perigot!)

*Perigot.* I left the head in my heart-root.

*Willy.* It was a desperate shot.

*Perigot.* There it rankleth aye more and  
more,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the arrow!)

*Perigot.* Nor can I find salve for my sore:

*Willy.* (Love is a cureless sorrow.)

*Perigot.* And though my bale with death  
I bought,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, heavy cheer!)

*Perigot.* Yet should thilk lass not from my  
thought.

*Willy.* So you may buy gold too dear.

*Perigot.* But whether in painful love I  
pine,

## PERIGOT AND WILLY

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, pinching pain!)

*Perigot.* Or thrive in wealth, she shall be  
mine;

*Willy.* But if thou can her obtain.

*Perigot.* And if for graceless grief I die—

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, graceless grief!)

*Perigot.* Witness, she slew me with her  
eye.

*Willy.* Let thy folly be the prief.

*Perigot.* And you that saw it, simple  
sheep,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, the fair flock!)

*Perigot.* For prief thereof my death shall  
weep

*Willy.* And moan with many a mock.

*Perigot.* So learned I love on a holy eve,

*Willy.* (Hey-ho, holy day!)

*Perigot.* That ever since my heart did  
grieve:

*Willy.* Now endeth our roundelay.

## Amoretti

### SONNET IV

New year, forth looking out of Janus' gate,  
Doth seem to promise hope of new delight:

And bidding the old adieu, his passed date

Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:

And, calling forth out of sad winter's night  
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless bower,

Wills him awake, and soon about him dight

His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.

For lusty Spring now in his timely hour  
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;  
And warns the earth with divers-coloured flower

To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave.

Then you, fair flower, in whom fresh youth doth reign,

Prepare yourself new love to entertain.

## Sonnet V

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's  
desire,

In finding fault with her too portly pride:  
The thing which I do most in her admire,  
Is of the world unworthy most envied:  
For in those lofty looks is close implied  
Scorn of base things, and 'sdain of foul  
dishonour,

Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her  
so wide,

That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.  
Such pride is praise, such portliness is  
honour,

That boldened innocence bears in her eyes;  
And her fair countenance, like a goodly  
banner,

Spreads in defiance of all enemies.

Was never in this world aught worthy  
tried,

Without some spark of such self-pleasing  
pride.

## Sonnet X

Unrighteous lord of love, what law is this,  
That me thou makest thus tormented be,  
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss  
Of her free will, scorning both thee and  
me?

See! how the tyranness doth joy to see  
The huge massacres which her eyes do  
make;

And humbled hearts brings captive unto  
thee,

That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance  
take.

But her proud heart do thou a little shake,  
And that high look, with which she doth  
control

All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,  
And all her faults in thy black book enroll:

That I may laugh at her in equal sort,  
As she doth laugh at me, and makes  
my pain her sport.



### Sonnet XIII

In that proud port, which her so goodly  
graceth,  
Whiles her fair face she rears up to the  
sky,  
And to the ground her eyelids low em-  
baseth,  
Most goodly temperature ye may descry;  
Mild humbless, mixed with awful majesty.  
For, looking on the earth whence she was  
born,  
Her mind remembereth her mortality,  
Whatso is fairest shall to earth return.  
But that same lofty countenance seems to  
scorn  
Base thing, and think how she to heaven  
may climb;  
Treading down earth as loathsome and  
forlorn,  
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy  
slime.  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me;  
Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

## Sonnet XVII

The glorious portrait of that Angel's face,  
Made to amaze weak men's confused skill,  
And this world's worthless glory to em-  
base,

What pen, what pencil, can express her  
fill?

For, though he colours could devise at  
will,

And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should  
spill;

Yet many wondrous things there are  
beside:

The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows  
glide,

The charming smiles, that rob sense from  
the heart,

The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,  
Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth  
need,

That can express the life of things in-  
deed.

### Sonnet XIX

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,  
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already  
sounded,

That warns all lovers wait upon their  
king,

Who now is coming forth with garland  
crowned.

With noise whereof the choir of birds re-  
sounded,

Their anthems sweet, devised of love's  
praise,

That all the woods their echoes back re-  
bounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their lays.

But 'mongst them all, which did love's  
honour raise,

No word was heard of her that most it  
ought;

But she his precept proudly disobeys,  
And doth his idle message set at naught.

Therefore, O love, unless she turn to  
thee

Ere cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

## Sonnet XXI

Was it the work of nature or of art,  
Which tempered so the feature of her  
face,  
That pride and meekness, mixed by equal  
part,  
Do both appear to adorn her beauty's  
grace?  
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride  
displace,  
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure;  
And, with stern countenance, back again  
doth chase  
Their looser looks that stir up lusts impure;  
With such strange terms her eyes she doth  
inure,  
That with one look she doth my life  
dismay,  
And with another doth it straight recure;  
Her smile me draws; her frown me drives  
away.  
Thus doth she train and teach me with  
her looks;  
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

### Sonnet XXXIV

Like as a ship, that through the ocean  
wide,  
By conduct of some star, doth make her  
way,  
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty  
guide  
Out of her course doth wander far astray:  
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright  
ray  
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,  
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,  
Through hidden perils round about me  
placed;  
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is  
past,  
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,  
Will shine again, and look on me at last,  
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.  
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,  
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

## Sonnet XXXV

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise  
Still to behold the object of their pain,  
With no contentment can themselves  
suffice,

But, having, pine, and having not, com-  
plain.

For, lacking it, they cannot life sustain;  
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;  
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,  
Whose eyes him starved: so plenty makes  
me poor.

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store  
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they  
brook,

But loathe the things which they did like  
before,

And can no more endure on them to look.

All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,  
And all their shows but shadows, saving  
she.

## Sonnet LIX

Thrice happy she, that is so well assured  
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,  
That neither will for better be allured,  
Ne feared with worse to any chance to  
start;

But, like a steady ship, doth strongly part  
The raging waves, and keeps her course  
aright;

Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,  
Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.  
Such self-assurance need not fear the spite  
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:  
But, in the stay of her own steadfast might,  
Neither to one herself nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assured doth  
rest;

But he most happy, who such one loves  
best.

## Sonnet LXI

The glorious image of the Maker's beauty,  
My sovereign saint, the idol of my thought,  
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of  
duty,

To accuse of pride, or rashly blame for  
aught.

For being, as she is, divinely wrought,  
And of the brood of Angels heavenly born;  
And with the crew of blessed Saints up-  
brought,

Each of which did her with their gifts  
adorn;

The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,  
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes  
admire;

What reason is it then but she should  
scorn

Base things, that to her love too bold  
aspire?

Such heavenly forms ought rather wor-  
shipped be,

Than dare be loved by men of mean  
degree.



### Sonnet LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of life, that, on this day,  
Did'st make thy triumph over death and  
sin,

And, having harrowed hell, did'st bring  
away

Captivity thence captive, us to win:  
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest  
die,

Being with thy dear blood clean washed  
from sin,

May live for ever in felicity;

And that thy love we, weighing worthily,  
May likewise love thee for the same again;  
And for thy sake, that all like dear did'st  
buy,

With love may one another entertain.

So let us love, dear love; like as we  
ought:

Love is the lesson which the Lord us  
taught.

## Sonnet LXXII

Oft, when my spirit doth spread her bolder  
wings,  
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,  
It down is weighed with thought of earthly  
things,  
And clogged with burden of mortality;  
Where, when that sovereign beauty it doth  
spy,  
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,  
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back  
doth fly,  
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.  
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,  
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at  
ease;  
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it  
might  
Her heart's desire with most contentment  
please.  
Heart need not wish none other happi-  
ness,  
But here on earth to have such heaven's  
bliss.



## Richard Verstegen

### Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby



Upon my lap my Sovereign sits,  
And sucks upon my breast;  
Meanwhile his love sustains my life,  
And gives my body rest.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy.  
Sing, lullaby, my liv's joy.

When thou hast taken thy repast,  
Repose, my babe, on me.  
So may thy mother and thy nurse,  
Thy cradle also be.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my liv's joy.

I grieve that duty doth not work  
All that my wishing would,

## OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Because I would not be to thee  
But in the best I should.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Yet as I am and as I may,  
I must and will be thine,  
Though all too little for thyself  
Vouchsafing to be mine.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

My wits, my words, my deeds, my  
thoughts,

And else what is in me,  
I rather will not wish to use,  
If not in serving thee.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

My babe, my bliss, my child, my choice,  
My fruit, my flower, and bud,  
My Jesus, and my only joy,  
The sum of all my good.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

My sweetness, and the sweetest most  
That heaven could earth deliver,

Soul of my love, spirit of my life,  
Abide with me for ever.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Live still with me, and be my love,  
And death will me refrain,  
Unless thou let me die with thee,  
To live with thee again.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Leave now to wail, thou luckless wight  
That wrought'st thy race's woe,  
Redress is found, and foiled is  
Thy fruit-alluring foe.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

The fruit of death from Paradise  
Made thee exiled mourn;  
My fruit of life to Paradise  
Makes joyful thy return.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Grow up, good fruit be nourished by  
These fountains two of me,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

That only flow with maiden's milk,  
The only meat for thee.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

The earth is now a heaven become,  
And this base bower of mine,  
A princely palace unto me,  
My son doth make to shine.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

His sight gives clearness to my sight,  
When waking I him see,  
And sleeping, his mild countenance  
Gives favour unto me.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

When I him in mine arms embrace,  
I feel my heart embraced,  
Even by the inward grace of his,  
Which he in me hath placed.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

And when I kiss his loving lips,  
Then his sweet-smelling breath

## OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Doth yield a savour to my soul,  
That feeds love, hope, and faith.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livès joy.

The shepherds left their keeping sheep,  
For joy to see my lamb;  
How may I more rejoice to see  
Myself to be the dam.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livès joy.

Three kings their treasures hither brought  
Of incense, myrrh, and gold;  
The heaven's treasure and the king  
That here they might behold.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livès joy.

One sort an angel did direct,  
A star did guide the other,  
And all the fairest son to see  
That ever had a mother.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livès joy.

This sight I see, this child I have,  
This infant I embrace,



## OUR LADY'S LULLABY

O endless comfort of the earth,  
And heaven's eternal grace.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Thee sanctity herself doth serve,  
Thee goodness doth attend,  
Thee blessedness doth wait upon,  
And virtues all commend.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Great kings and prophets wished have  
To see that I possess,  
Yet wish I never thee to see,  
If not in thankfulness.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Let heaven and earth, and saints and  
men,  
Assistance give to me,  
That all their most occurring aid  
Augment my thanks to thee.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

And let the ensuing blessed race,  
Thou wilt succeeding raise,

## *OUR LADY'S LULLABY*

Join all their praises unto mine,  
To multiply thy praise.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

And take my service well in worth,  
And Joseph's here with me,  
Who of my husband bears the name,  
Thy servant for to be.  
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.



# Thomas Howell

## Of Misery

Corpse, clad with carefulness;  
Heart, heaped with heaviness;  
Purse, poor and penniless;  
Back, bare in bitterness;  
O get my grave in readiness;  
Fain would I die to end this stress.



## Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford

### Of Women

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
Or that their love were firm, not fickle,  
still,

I would not marvel that they make men  
bond

By service long to purchase their good  
will;

But when I see how frail those creatures  
are,

I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how  
they change,

How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan,  
Unsettled still, like haggards wild, they  
range,

These gentle birds that fly from man to  
man;

Who would not scorn and shake them  
from the fist,  
And let them fly, fair fools, which way  
they list?

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,  
To pass the time when nothing else can  
please;  
And train them to our lure with subtle  
oath,  
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we  
ease:  
And then we say, when we their fancy  
try,  
To play with fools, O what a fool  
was I!

## Sir Walter Raleigh

### The Shepherd's Description of Love

*Melibæus.* Shepherd, what's love, I pray  
thee tell?

*Faustus.* It is that fountain and that  
well

Where pleasure and repentance  
dwell;

It is perhaps that sauncing bell  
That tolls all into heaven or  
hell;

And this is love, as I heard  
tell.

*Melibæus.* Yet what is love, I prithee  
say?

*Faustus.* It is a work on holiday;  
It is December matched with  
May,



## THE SHEPHERD'S.

When lusty bloods, in fresh  
array,  
Hear ten months after of the  
play;  
And this is love, as I hear  
say.

*Melibeus.* Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?

*Faustus.* It is a sunshine mixed with  
rain;  
It is a tooth-ache, or like  
pain;  
It is a game where none doth  
gain;  
The lass saith no, and would  
full fain;  
And this is love, as I hear  
sain.

*Melibeus.* Yet, shepherd, what is love,  
I pray?

*Faustus.* It is a yea, it is a nay,  
A pretty kind of sporting fray;  
It is a thing will soon away;  
Then, nymphs, take 'vantage  
while ye may;  
And this is love, as I hear  
say.

## DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

*Melibæus.* Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?

*Faustus.* A thing that creeps; it cannot go;

A prize that passeth to and fro;  
A thing for one, a thing for  
moe;

And he that proves shall find  
it so;

And, shepherd, this is love,  
I trow.

The Wood,  
the Weed,  
the Wag

Three things there be that prosper all  
apace,  
And flourish while they are asunder far;  
But on a day, they meet all in a place,  
And when they meet, they one another  
mar.

And they be these: the Wood, the Weed,  
the Wag:

The Wood is that that makes the  
gallows tree;  
The Weed is that that strings the hang-  
man's bag;  
The Wag, my pretty knave, betokens  
thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble  
not,  
Green springs the tree, hemp grows,  
the wag is wild;

*THE WOOD, WEED, WAG*

But when they meet, it makes the timber  
rot,

It frets the halter, and it chokes the  
child.

God Bless the Child!

## The Lie

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless arrant;  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant:  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Say to the church, it shows  
What's good, and doth no good:  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
Acting by others' action;  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by a faction:  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That manage the estate,

## *THE LIE*

Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate:  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending:  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;  
Tell love it is but lust;  
Tell time it is but motion;  
Tell flesh it is but dust:  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;  
Tell honour how it alters;  
Tell beauty how she blasteth;  
Tell favour how it falters:  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness:

## THE LIE

And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;  
Tell skill it is pretension;  
Tell charity of coldness;  
Tell law it is contention:  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;  
Tell nature of decay;  
Tell friendship of unkindness;  
Tell justice of delay:  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming:  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;  
Tell how the country erreth;  
Tell manhood shakes off pity;  
Tell virtue least preferreth:  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

## *THE LIE*

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Stab at thee he that will,  
No stab the soul can kill.



## The Pilgrimage

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;  
No other balm will there be given;  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Travelleth towards the land of heaven  
Over the silver mountains,  
Where spring the nectar fountains:  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before;  
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

## *THE PILGRIMAGE*

That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparelled fresh like me.  
I'll take them first  
To quench their thirst  
And taste of nectar<sup>s</sup> suckets,  
At those clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells,  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we  
Are filled with immortality,  
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,  
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral and pearly bowers,  
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl;  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forged accuser bought or sold,  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the king's Attorney,  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees.  
And when the grand twelve-million jury  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
Against our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!

## *THE PILGRIMAGE*

Thou givest salvation even for alms;  
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.  
And this is mine eternal plea  
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke, when my veins start  
and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head!  
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before  
writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and he  
Who oft doth think, must needs die we

As You Came  
from the  
Holy Land

As you came from the holy land  
Of Walsinghame,  
Met you not with my true love  
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,  
That have met many one,  
As I went to the holy land,  
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,  
But as the heavens fair;  
There is none hath a form so divine  
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,  
Such an angelic face,  
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did  
appear,  
By her gait, by her grace.

## AS YOU CAME

She hath left me here all alone,  
All alone, as unknown,  
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,  
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you  
alone,  
And a new way doth take,  
Who loved you once as her own,  
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,  
But now old, as you see:  
Love likes not the falling fruit  
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,  
And forgets promise past;  
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,  
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content  
And a trustless joy;  
He is won with a world of despair,  
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,  
Or the word love abused,  
Under which many childish desires  
And conceits are excused.

*FROM THE HOLY LAND*

But true love is a durable fire,  
In the mind ever burning,  
Never sick, never old, never dead,  
From itself never turning.

Verses found in  
his Bible in the  
Gate-house at  
Westminster

Even such is time, that takes in trust

Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;

Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;

But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

## Anthony Munday

### Beauty sat Bath- ing by a Spring

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,  
Where fairest shades did hide her,  
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
The cool streams ran beside her.  
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye  
To see what was forbidden:  
But better memory said Fie,  
So vain desire was chidden.  
Hey nonny, nonny, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,  
And fond imagination  
Seemed to see, but could not tell  
Her feature or her fashion.  
But even as babes in dreams do smile  
And sometimes fall a-weeping,  
So I awaked as wise that while  
As when I fell a-sleeping.  
Hey nonny, nonny, &c.





## Sir Philip Sidney

### The Bargain

My true love hath my heart, and I have  
his,  
By just exchange one for another given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven:  
My true love hath my heart, and I have  
his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses  
guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his  
own,  
I cherish his because in me it bides:  
My true love hath my heart, and I have  
his.

To the Tune  
of Basciami  
vita mia

\* Sleep, Baby mine, Desire's nurse, Beauty,  
singeth;  
Thy cries, O baby, set mine head on  
aching.  
The babe cries, "'Way, thy love doth keep  
me waking."

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth  
Unto my children alway good rest taking.  
The babe cries, "'Way, thy love doth keep  
me waking."

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching  
springeth,  
Sleep then a little; pap, Content is making.  
The babe cries, "Nay, for that abide I  
waking."

## The Shep- herds' Brawl

1. We love, and have our loves rewarded.
2. We love, and are no whit regarded.
1. We find most sweet affection's snare.
2. That sweet, but sour despairful care.
1. Who can despair whom hope doth  
bear?
2. And who can hope that feels despair?
- ALL. As without breath no pipe doth move,  
No music kindly without love.

Sonnets from  
Astrophel  
and Stella

SONNET I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my  
love to show,  
That She, dear She, might take some  
pleasure of my pain;  
Pleasure might cause her read, reading  
might make her know,  
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace  
obtain;  
I sought fit words to paint the blackest  
face of woe,  
Studying inventions fine, her wits to  
entertain;  
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence  
would flow  
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my  
sunburned brain.  
But words came halting forth, wanting  
Invention's stay;  
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame  
Study's blows;

## *ASTROPHEL AND STELLA*

And others' feet still seemed but strangers  
in my way.

Thus, great with child to speak, and  
helpless in my throes,

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for  
spite,

"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in  
thy heart, and write!"

## Sonnet XI

In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind  
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious  
ways,  
That when the heaven to thee his best  
displays,  
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best  
behind.  
For, like a child that some fair book doth  
find,  
With gilded leaves or coloured vellum  
plays,  
Or, at the most, on some fair picture  
stays,  
But never heeds the fruit of writer's  
mind;  
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet  
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in  
her eyes,  
In her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfold  
set,  
And in her breast bo-peep or couching  
lies,  
Playing and shining in each outward  
part;  
But, fool, seek'st not to get into her  
heart.

## Sonnet XIV

Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend,  
Upon whose breast\* a fiercer gripe doth  
tire  
Than did on him who first stole down  
the fire,  
While Love on me doth all his quiver  
spend;  
But with your rhubarb words ye must  
contend  
To grieve me worse in saying, that Desire  
Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in  
the mire  
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?  
If that be sin which doth the manners  
frame,  
Well stayed with truth in word and faith  
of deed,  
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but  
shame  
If that be sin which in fixt hearts doth  
breed  
A loathing of all loose unchastity,  
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!



### Sonnet XXIII

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness  
Bewray itself in my long settled eyes,  
Whence those same fumes of melancholy  
rise,

With idle pains and missing aim, do  
guess.

Some that know how my spring I did  
address,

Deem that my Muse some fruit of know-  
ledge plies;

Others, because the Prince my service  
tries,

Think that I think state errors to redress.  
But harder judges judge ambition's rage,  
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery  
place,

Holds my young brain captived in golden  
cage.

O fools, or otherwise: alas, the race  
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop  
nor start,

But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

## Sonnet XXVI

Though dusty wits do scorn astrology,  
And fools can think those lamps of purest  
light,

Whose number, ways, greatness, eternity,  
Promising wonders, wonder do invite,  
To have for no cause birthright in the  
sky

But for to spangle the black weeds of  
night;

Or for some brawl which in that chamber  
high

They should still dance to please a gazer's  
sight:

For me, I do Nature unidle know,  
And know great causes great effects pro-  
cure;

And know those bodies high reign on the  
low.

And if these rules did fail, proof makes  
me sure,

Who oft fore-judge my after-following  
race,

By only those two stars in Stella's face.

## Sonnet XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou  
climb'st the skies!  
How silently, and with how wan a face!  
What, may it be that even in heavenly  
place  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
Sure, if that long with love-acquainted  
eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's  
case;  
I read it in thy looks; thy languisht  
grace,  
To me that feel the like, thy state des-  
cries.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell  
me,  
Is constant love deemed there but want  
of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they  
be?  
Do they above love to be loved, and  
yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth  
possess?  
Do they call virtue there, ungrateful-  
ness?

## Sonnet XXXIX

Come Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot  
of peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high  
and low;  
With shield of proof, shield me from out  
the prease  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth  
throw;  
O make in me those civil wars to cease;  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest  
bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to  
light,  
A rosy garland and a weary head:  
And if these things, as being thine by  
right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in  
me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image  
see.

## Sonnet XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my  
lance  
Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English  
eyes,  
And of some sent by that sweet enemy,  
France;  
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship ad-  
vance,  
Townsfolks my strength; a daintier judge  
applies  
His praise to sleight, which from good  
use doth rise;  
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;  
Others, because of both sides I do take  
My blood from them who did excel in  
this,  
Think Nature me a man of arms did  
make.  
How far they shot awry! the true cause  
is,  
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly  
face  
Sent forth the beams which made so fair  
my race.

## Sonnet LXIV

No more, my dear, no more these counsels  
try;

O give my passions leave to run their  
race;

Let Fortune lay on me her worst dis-  
grace;

Let folk o'ercharged with brain against  
me cry;

Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine  
eye;

Let me no steps but of lost labour trace;

Let all the earth with scorn recount my  
case;

But do not will me from my love to fly!

I do not envy Aristotle's wit,

Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;

Nor ought do care though some above  
me sit;

Nor hope nor wish another course to  
frame,

But that which once may win thy cruel  
heart:

Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue  
art.

## Sonnet LXXXIII

Good brother Philip, I have borne thee  
long;

I was content you should in favour creep,  
While craftily you seemed your cut to  
keep,

As though that soft fair hand did you  
great wrong:

I bare, with envy, yet I bare, your song,  
When in her neck you did love ditties  
peep;

Nay, more fool I! oft suffered you to  
sleep

In lilies' nest, where Love's self lies along.  
What, doth high place ambitious thoughts  
augment?

Is sauciness reward of courtesy?

Cannot such grace your silly self content,  
But you must needs with those lips billing  
be,

And through those lips drink nectar from  
that tongue?

Leave that, Sir Phip, lest off your neck  
be wrung!

## Sonnet LXXXIV

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,  
And that my Muse, to some ears not  
    unsweet,

Tempers her words to trampling horses'  
    feet

More oft than to a chamber melody;

Now, blessed you, bear onward blessed  
    me

To her, where I my heart safe left shall  
    meet;

My Muse and I must you of duty greet  
With thanks and wishes, wishing thank-  
    fully.

Be you still fair, honoured by public  
    heed,

By no encroachment wronged, nor time  
    forgot,

Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for  
    sinful deed;

And that you know I envy you no lot

Of highest wish, I wish you so much  
    bliss:

Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may  
    kiss.



## Sonnet XCII

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian  
ware,  
That you allow me them by so small  
rate?  
Or do you cutted Spartans imitate?  
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare  
That to my questions you so total are?  
When I demand of Phoenix Stella's state,  
You say, forsooth, you left her well of  
late:  
O God, think you that satisfies my care?  
I would know whether she did sit or walk;  
How clothed; how waited on; sighed she  
or smiled;  
Whereof, with whom, how often did she  
talk;  
With what pastime time's journey she  
beguiled;  
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor  
name:  
Say all; and, all well said, still say the  
same.

Songs from  
Astrophel  
and Stella

DOUBT YOU TO WHOM MY MUSE  
THESE NOTES INTENDETH

Doubt you to whom my Muse these  
notes intendeth,

Which now my breast o'ercharged to  
music lendeth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state  
with pleasure?

Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest  
treasure?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only for you the heaven forgot all  
measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness  
reigneth?

Who womankind at once both decks and  
staineth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetness  
planteth?

Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets  
wanteth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth  
passions nourish?

Whose grace is such, that when it chides  
doth cherish?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only through you the tree of life doth  
flourish.

Who hath the hand, which without stroke  
subdueth?

Who long dead beauty with increase re-  
neweth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which, loosest, fastest  
tieth?

Who makes a man live then glad when  
he dieth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

*DOUBT YOU TO WHOM*

Who hath the voice, which soul from  
senses sunders?

Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty  
thunders?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes  
intendeth,

Which now my breast o'ercharged to  
music lendeth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Only Joy, now  
here you are

Only Joy, now here you are,  
Fit to hear and ease my care,  
Let my whispering voice obtain  
Sweet reward for sharpest pain;  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Night hath closed all in her cloak,  
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke;  
Danger hence, good care doth keep,  
Jealousy itself doth sleep;  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Better place no wit can find,  
Cupid's yoke to loose or bind;  
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,  
Us in their best language woo;  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

## ONLY JOY

This small light the moon bestows  
Serves thy beams but to disclose,  
So to raise my hap more high;  
Fear not else, none can us spy;  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

That you heard was but a mouse,  
Dumb Sleep holdeth all the house;  
Yet asleep methinks they say,  
"Young fools, take time while you may";  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Niggard time threats, if we miss  
This large offer of our bliss,  
Long stay ere he grant the same:  
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Your fair mother is abed,  
Candles out, and curtains spread;  
She thinks you do letters write;  
Write, but let me first endite:  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?  
Concord better fitteth us;

*ONLY JOY*

Leave to Mars the force of hands,  
Your power in your beauty stands;  
Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Woe to me, and do you swear  
Me to hate? but I forbear;  
Cursed be my destinies all,  
That brought me so high to fall;  
Soon with my death I will please thee.  
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

**In a Grove most  
Rich of Shade**

In a grove most rich of shade,  
Where birds wanton music made,  
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,  
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing;

Astrophel with Stella sweet  
Did for mutual comfort meet,  
Both within themselves oppressed,  
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,  
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;  
But her sight his cares did banish,  
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while,  
But now tears themselves did smile,  
While their eyes, by love directed,  
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt  
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt;  
With arms crossed, yet testifying  
Restless rest, and living dying.



## IN A GROVE

Their ears hungry of each word  
Which the dear tongue would afford;  
But their tongues restrained from walking,  
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,  
Love itself did silence break:  
Love did set his lips asunder,  
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

"Stella, sovereign of my joy,  
Fair triumpher of annoy;  
Stella, star of heavenly fire,  
Stella, loadstar of desire;

"Stella, in whose shining eyes  
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,  
Whose beams, where they once are darted,  
Love therewith is straight imparted;

"Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,  
Senses all asunder breaks;  
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,  
Angels to acquaintance bringeth;

"Stella, in whose body is  
Writ each character of bliss;  
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,  
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth;

*. MOST RICH OF SHADE*

"Grant, O grant; but speech, alas,  
Fails me, fearing on to pass:  
Grant—O me, what am I saying?  
But no fault there is in praying.

"Grant, O dear! on knees I pray"  
(Knees on ground he then did stay),  
"That, not I, but since I love you,  
Time and place for me may move you.

"Never season was more fit,  
Never room more apt for it;  
Smiling air allows my reason;  
These birds sing: now use the season.

"This small wind, which so sweet is,  
See how it the leaves doth kiss;  
Each tree in his best attiring,  
Sense of love to love inspiring.

"Love makes earth the water drink,  
Love to earth makes water sink;  
And, if dumb things be so witty,  
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There his hands, in their speech, fain  
Would have made tongue's language plain;  
But her hands, his hands repelling,  
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

## IN A GROVE

Then she spake; her speech was such,  
As not ears, but heart did touch;  
While such wise she love denied,  
As yet love she signified.

"Astrophel," said she, "my love,  
Cease, in these effects, to prove;  
Now be still, yet still believe me,  
Thy grief more than death would grieve  
me.

"If that any thought in me  
Can taste comfort but of thee,  
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,  
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

"If those eyes you praised, be  
Half so dear as you to me,  
Let me home return, stark blinded  
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

"If to secret of my heart,  
I do any wish impart,  
Where thou art not foremost placed,  
Be both wish and I defaced.

"If more may be said, I say  
All my bliss in thee I lay;  
If thou love, my love content thee,  
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

*MOST RICH OF SHADE*

"Trust me, while I thee deny,  
In myself the smart I try;  
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee,  
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

"Therefore, dear, this no more move,  
Lest, though I leave not thy love,  
Which too deep in me is framed,  
I should blush when thou art named."

Therewithal away she went,  
Leaving him to passion, rent  
With what she had done and spoken,  
That therewith my song is broken.

O Dear Life,  
When Shall it be

O dear life, when shall it be  
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,  
And in them thy mind discover,  
Whether absence have had force  
Thy remembrance to divorce  
From the image of the lover?

Or if I myself find not,  
After parting, ought forgot,  
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure,  
Let no tongue aspire to tell  
In what high joys I shall dwell:  
Only Thought aims at the pleasure.

\* Thought, therefore, I will send thee  
To take up the place for me;  
Long I will not after tarry;  
There, unseen, thou mayest be bold,  
Those fair wonders to behold,  
Which in them my hopes do carry.

\* Thought, see thou no place forbear,  
Enter bravely everywhere,  
Seize on all to her belonging;  
But if thou wouldst guarded be,

## *O DEAR LIFE*

Fearing her beams, take with thee  
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time  
When my leaping heart will climb  
In thy lips to have his bidding,  
There those roses for to kiss,  
Which do breathe a sugared bliss,  
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power,  
When I blessed shall devour  
With my greedy lickorous senses  
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,  
While she doth against me prove  
Her strong darts but weak defences.

Think, think of those dallyings,  
When with dovelike murmurings,  
With glad moaning, passed anguish,  
We change eyes, and heart for heart  
Each to other do depart,  
Joying till joy makes us languish.

O my Thought, my thoughts surcease,  
Thy delights my woes increase,  
My life melts with too much thinking;  
Think no more, but die in me,  
Till thou shalt revived be,  
At her lips my nectar drinking.

Who is it that  
This Dark Night

Who is it that this dark night,  
Underneath my window plaineth?  
It is one who from thy sight,  
Being, ah! exiled, disdaineth  
Every other vulgar light.

Why, alas! and are you he?  
Be not yet those fancies changed?  
Dear, when you find change in me,  
Though from me you be estranged,  
Let my change to ruin be.

\* Well, in absence this will die;  
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.  
Absence sure will help, if I  
Can learn how myself to sunder  
From what in my heart doth lie.

\* But time will these thoughts remove:  
Time doth work what no man knoweth.  
Time doth as the subject prove,  
With time still the affection groweth  
In the faithful turtle dove.

## *WHO, THIS DARK NIGHT*

What if you new beauties see!  
Will not they stir new affection?  
I will think they pictures be  
(Image-like, of saints' perfection)  
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light  
Bids you leave such minds to nourish!  
Dear, do reason no such spite;  
Never doth thy beauty flourish  
More than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears will make  
Love at length leave undertaking.  
No, the more fools it do shake,  
In a ground of so firm making  
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace, I think that some give ear;  
Come no more, lest I get anger.  
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear;  
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;  
But my soul shall harbour there.

Well, be gone; be gone, I say,  
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.  
O unjust Fortune's sway,  
Which can make me thus to leave you,  
And from louts to run away.



Ring out  
Your Bells

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows  
be spread;

For Love is dead.  
All love is dead, infected  
With plague of deep disdain;  
Worth, as not worth, rejected,  
And Faith, fair scorn doth gain.  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear  
it said

That Love is dead?  
His deathbed, peacock's folly;  
His winding-sheet is shame;  
His will, false-seeming holy;  
His sole executor, blame.  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

## *RING OUT YOUR BELLS*

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly  
read,

For Love is dead.

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,  
My mistress' marble heart;  
Which epitaph containeth,  
"Her eyes were once his dart".

From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas! I lie; rage hath this error bred,

Love is not dead.

Love is not dead, but sleepeth  
In her unmatched mind,  
Where she his counsel keepeth,  
Till due desert she find.

Therefore from so vile fancy,  
To call such wit a frenzy,  
Who love can temper thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

## The Epilogue

### I

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-  
chosen snare,  
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered  
thought;  
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care,  
Thou web of will, whose end is never  
wrought;  
Desire, Desire, I have too dearly bought,  
With prize of mangled mind, thy worthless  
ware;  
Too long, too long asleep thou hast me  
brought,  
Who should my mind to higher things  
prepare.  
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin  
sought;  
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things  
aspire;  
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;  
For virtue hath this better lesson taught:  
Within myself to seek my only hire,  
Desiring nought, but how to kill Desire.

## *THE EPILOGUE*

### II

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but  
to dust;  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher  
things;  
Grow rich in that which never taketh  
rust;  
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.  
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy  
might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting free-  
doms be;  
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth  
the light,  
That doth both shine and give us sight  
to see.  
O take fast hold; let that light be thy  
guide  
In this small course which birth brings  
out to death;  
And think how evil becometh him to  
slide,  
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly  
breath.  
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I  
see:  
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.



## Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke

Myra

I, with whose colours Myra dressed her  
head,

I, that wear posies of her own hand-  
making,

I, that mine own name in the chimneys  
read

By Myra finely wrought ere I was  
waking:

Must I look on, in hope time coming  
may

With change bring back my turn again  
to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile  
found

A garland sweet, with true love-knots in  
flowers,

## MYRA

Which I to wear about mine arms was  
bound,

That each of us might know that all  
was ours:

Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,  
And follow Cupid for his loaves and  
fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,  
I, for whose love she gloried to be  
blamed,

I, with whose eyes her eyes committed  
theft,

I, who did make her blush when I was  
named:

Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft,  
and go naked,

Watching with sighs, till dead love be  
awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,  
Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,  
Was ever warned modesty to keep,

While her breath speaking kindled  
Nature's fire:

Must I look on a-cold, while others warm  
them?

Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets  
arm them?

## MYRA

Was it for this that I might Myra see  
Washing the water with her beauties  
white?

Yet would she never write her love to me;  
Thinks wit of change while thoughts  
are in delight?

Mad girls must safely love, as they may  
leave;

No man can print a kiss; lines may  
deceive.



## Her Eyes

You little stars that live in skies  
And glory in Apollo's glory,  
In whose aspects conjoined lies  
The heaven's will and nature's story,  
Joy to be likened to those eyes,  
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry;  
For, when you force thoughts from above,  
These over-rule your force by Love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes  
Hast married reason with affection,  
And made them saints of beauty's skies,  
Where joys are shadows of perfection,  
Lend me thy wings that I may rise  
Up not by worth but by election;  
For I have vowed, in strangest fashion,  
To love and never seek compassion.

## Love's Laws

Away with these self-loving lads  
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads;  
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep  
In love of those that lie asleep;  
For Cupid is a meadow-god,  
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like Destiny,  
Do causeless good or ill decree;  
Desert is born out of his bow,  
Reward upon his wing doth go:  
What fools are they that have not known  
That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
I wear her rings on holy-days,  
In every tree I write her name,  
And every day I read the same.  
Where honour Cupid's rival is,  
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
I blot her name out of the tree;

## LOVE'S LAWS

If doubt do darken things held dear,  
Then well fare nothing once a year;  
For many run, but one must win:  
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move  
Is love, that is the bow of Love;  
And love as well the foster can  
As can the mighty nobleman.  
Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,  
Yet without love nought worth to me.

# John Lyly

## Spring

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
O! 'tis the ravished nightingale.  
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.  
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?  
None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gates she claps her  
wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.  
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat  
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!  
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,  
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!  
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!

## Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid:  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose.  
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows  
how);  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin:  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this for thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

## Nicholas Breton

### Phyllida and Corydon

In the merry month of May,  
In a morn by break of day,  
Forth I walked by the woodside,  
Whenas May was in his pride:  
There I spied all alone  
Phyllida and Corydon.  
Much ado there was, God wot!  
He would love and she would not.  
She said, never man was true;  
He said, none was false to you.  
He said, he had loved her long;  
She said, Love should have no wrong.  
Corydon would kiss her then;  
She said, maids must kiss no men  
Till they did for good and all;  
Then she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth  
Never loved a truer youth.

*PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON*

Thus with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they will not Love abuse,  
Love, which long had been deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded;  
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,  
Was made the Lady of the May.

**Come,  
Little Babe**

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,  
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,  
Born as I doubt to all our dole,  
And to thyself unhappy chief;  
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,  
Poor soul that thinks no creature  
harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know  
The cause of this thy mother's moan;  
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,  
And I myself am all alone:  
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou  
wail?  
And knowest not yet what thou dost  
ail.

Come, little wretch, ah, silly heart!  
Mine only joy, what can I more?  
If there be any wrong thy smart,  
That may the destinies implore:  
'Twas I, I say, against my will,  
I wail the time, but be thou still.



*COME, LITTLE BABE*

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!  
Would God himself he might thee see!  
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase  
    grace,

I know right well, for thee and me:  
    But come to mother, babe, and play,  
    For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance  
    Thy father home again to send,  
If death do strike me with his lance,  
    Yet mayst thou me to him commend:  
    If any ask thy mother's name,  
    Tell how by love she purchased blame.

### The Third Pastor's Song

Who can live in heart so glad  
As the merry country lad?  
Who upon a fair green baulk  
May at pleasure sit and walk,  
And amid the azure skies  
See the morning sun arise;  
While he hears in every spring  
How the birds do chirp and sing;  
Or, before the hounds in cry,  
See the hare go stealing by;  
Or, along the shallow brook  
Angling with a baited hook,  
See the fishes leap and play  
In a blessed sunny day;  
Or to hear the partridge call  
Till she have her covey all;  
Or to see the subtle fox,  
How the villain plies the box,  
After feeding on his prey  
How he closely sneaks away,  
Through the hedge and down the furrow,  
Till he gets into his burrow;

### *THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG*

Then the bee to gather honey,  
And the little black-haired coney  
On a bank for sunny place  
With her forefeet wash her face:  
Are not these, with thousands more  
Than the courts of kings do know,  
The true pleasing spirit's sights,  
That may breed true love's delights?  
But with all this happiness,  
To behold that shepherdess  
To whose eyes all shepherds yield  
All the fairest of the field,  
Fair Aglaia, in whose face  
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;  
In whose worthy wonder's praise  
See what her true shepherd says.  
She is neither proud nor fine,  
But in spirit more divine;  
She can neither lour nor leer,  
But a sweeter smiling cheer;  
She had never painted face,  
But a sweeter smiling grace;  
She can never love dissemble,  
Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,  
That when wisdom guides her will  
She is kind and constant still.  
All in sum, she is that creature  
Of that truest comfort's nature  
That doth show (but in exceedings)  
How their praises had their breedings.

### *THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG*

Let then poets feign their pleasure  
In their fictions of love's treasure;  
Proud high spirits seek their graces  
In their idol painted faces;  
My love's spirit's lowliness,  
In affection's humbleness,  
Under heaven no happiness  
Seeks, but in this shepherdess.  
For whose sake I say and swear,  
By the passions that I bear,  
Had I got a kingly grace,  
I would leave my kingly place,  
And in heart be truly glad  
To become a country lad;  
Hard to lie, and go full bare,  
And to feed on hungry fare;  
So I might but live to be,  
Where I might but sit to see  
Once a day, or all day long,  
The sweet subject of my song;  
In Aglaia's only eyes  
All my worldly Paradise.



## Thomas Lodge

### Rosalind's Madrigal

Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet:  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest:  
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
The livelong night.  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;  
His music plays if so I sing;  
He lends me every lovely thing,  
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:  
Whist, wanton, still ye!

*ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL*

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you, when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;  
I'll make you fast it for your sin;  
I'll count your power not worth a pin.  
Alas! what hereby shall I win,  
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee;  
Then let thy bower my bosom be;  
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;  
O Cupid, so thou pity me,  
Spare not, but play thee!

Montanus'  
Sonnet

Phœbe sat,  
Sweet she sat,  
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her,  
White her brow,  
Coy her eye;  
Brow and eye how much you please me!  
Words I spent,  
Sighs I sent;  
Sighs and words could never draw her.  
Oh my love,  
Thou art lost  
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat  
By a fount,  
Sitting by a fount I spied her:  
Sweet her touch,  
Rare her voice;  
Touch and voice what may distain you?  
As she sang,  
I did sigh,



*MONTANUS' SONNET*

And by sighs whilst that I tried her,  
    Oh mine eyes!  
    You did lose  
Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

    Phœbe's flocks  
    White as wool,  
Yet were Phœbe's locks more whiter.  
    Phœbe's eyes  
    Dove-like, mild,  
Dove-like eyes, both mild and cruel;  
    Montan swears,  
    In your lamps  
He will die for to delight her.  
    Phœbe, yield,  
    Or I die:  
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

## Turn I my Looks

Turn I my looks unto the skies,  
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;  
If so I gaze upon the ground,  
Love then in every flower is found;  
Search I the shade to fly the pain,  
He meets me in the shade again;  
Wend I to walk in sacred grove,  
Even there I meet with sacred Love;  
If so I bain me in the spring,  
Even on the bank I hear him sing;  
If so I meditate alone,  
He will be partner of my moan;  
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,  
And where I am there he will be.  
Whenas I talk of Rosalind  
The god from coyness waxeth kind,  
And seems in self-same flames to fry  
Because he loves as well as I.  
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,  
For why than Love I am more true:  
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,  
But in thy love I live and die.

**The Earth,  
late Choked  
with Showers**

The earth, late choked with showers,  
Is now arrayed in green;  
Her bosom springs with flowers,  
The air dissolves her teen:  
The heavens laugh at her glory,  
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are decked with leaves,  
And trees are clothed gay;  
And Flora, crowned with sheaves,  
With oaken boughs doth play:  
Where I am clothed with black,  
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees  
Do sing with pleasant voices,  
And chant in their degrees  
Their loves and lucky choices:  
When I, whilst they are singing,  
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

*THE EARTH, LATE CHOKED*

The thrushes seek the shade,  
And I my fatal grave;  
Their flight to heaven is made,  
My walk on earth I have:  
They free, I thrall; they jolly,  
I sad and pensive wholly.

## The Hamadryad's Song

Pluck the fruit and taste the pleasure,  
Youthful lordings, of delight;  
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,  
Feed your fancies and your sight:  
After death, when you are gone,  
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Here on earth nothing is stable,  
Fortune's changes well are known;  
Whilst as youth doth then enable,  
Let your seeds of joy be sown:  
After death, when you are gone,  
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Feast it freely with your lovers,  
Blithe and wanton sports do fade,  
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers  
Round about this lovely shade:  
Sport it freely one to one,  
After death is pleasure none.

## *THE HAMADRYAD'S SONG*

Now the pleasant spring allureth,  
And both place and time invites:  
But, alas! what heart endureth  
To disclaim his sweet delights?  
After death, when we are gone,  
Joy and pleasure there is none.

Love Guards  
the Roses  
of thy Lips

Love guards the roses of thy lips  
And flies about them like a bee;  
If I approach he forward skips,  
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,  
And sleeps within his pretty shrine;  
And if I look the boy will lower,  
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,  
And in my tears doth firm the same;  
And if I tempt it will retire,  
And of my complaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers;  
And pity me, and calm her eye;  
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers;  
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve  
her  
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve  
her.

## Rosaline

Like to the clear in highest sphere  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of selfsame colour is her hair  
Whether unfolded or in twines:  
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
Repining heaven by every wink;  
The gods do fear whenas they glow,  
And I do tremble when I think:  
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
That beautifies Aurora's face,  
Or like the silver crimson shroud  
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:  
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses  
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,  
Within whose bounds she balm encloses  
Apt to entice a deity:  
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower  
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,



## ROSALINE

To watch for glances every hour  
From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,  
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame

Where Nature moulds the dew of light

To feed perfection with the same:

Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,

With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,

Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;

The gods are wounded in her sight;

And Love forsakes his heavenly fires

And at her eyes his brand doth light:

Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan

The absence of fair Rosaline,

Since for her fair there's fairer none,

Nor for her virtues so divine:

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Heigh-ho, my heart! would God that she  
were mine!

## George Peele

### Fair and Fair



*Enone.*

Fair and fair, and twice so  
fair,

As fair as any may be;  
The fairest shepherd on our  
green,

A love for any lady.

*Paris.*

Fair and fair, and twice so  
fair,

As fair as any may be;  
Thy love is fair for thee  
alone,

And for no other lady.

*Enone.*

My love is fair, my love is  
gay,

As fresh as bin the flowers  
in May,

And of my love my rounde-  
lay,

My merry, merry, merry  
roundelay,

## FAIR AND FAIR

Concludes with Cupid's curse:  
They that do change old love  
for new,  
Pray gods they change for  
worse!

*Ambo Simul.* They that do change old love  
for new,  
Pray gods they change for  
worse!

*Ænone.* My Love can pipe, my love  
can sing,  
My love can many a pretty  
thing,  
And of his lovely praises  
ring

My merry, merry roundelays  
Amen to Cupid's curse:  
They that do change old love  
for new,  
Pray gods they change for  
worse!

*Ambo Simul.* They that do change old love  
for new,  
Pray gods they change for  
worse!

## A Farewell to Arms

(TO QUEEN ELIZABETH)

His golden locks time hath to silver  
turned;

O time too swift, O swiftness never  
ceasing!

His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever  
spurned,

But spurned in vain; youth waneth by  
increasing:

Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but  
fading seen;

Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;  
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy  
psalms,

A man-at-arms must now serve on his  
knees,

And feed on prayers, which are age his  
alms:

But though from court to cottage he  
depart,

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

## *A FAREWELL TO ARMS*

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a  
song:

"Blest be the hearts that wish my sove-  
reign well,

Curst be the souls that think her any  
wrong".

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,  
To be your beadsman now that was your  
knight.

## Chidiock Tichborne

Verses Written in  
the Tower the  
Night before he  
was Beheaded

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;  
And all my good is but vain hope of  
gain;

The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not  
sprung;

The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves  
are green;

My youth is gone, and yet I am but  
young;

I saw the world, and yet I was not  
seen;

My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

*WRITTEN IN THE TOWER*

I sought my death, and found it in my  
womb;

I looked for life, and saw it was a  
shade;

I trod the earth, and knew it was my  
tomb;

And now I die, and now I am but  
made;

The glass is full, and now my glass is  
run;

And now I live, and now my life is done!

## Robert Greene

### Sephestia's Cradle Song

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe;  
Fortune changed made him so,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.



### *SEPHESTIA'S CRADLE SONG*

Streaming tears that never stint,  
Like pearl-drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one another's place supplies;  
Thus he grieved in every part,  
Tears of blood fell from his heart,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,  
Mother cried, baby leapt;  
More he crowed, more we cried,  
Nature could not sorrow hide:  
He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss,  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough  
for thee.

## Samela

Like to Diana in her summer weed,  
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,  
Goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling  
feed

When washed by Arethusa fount they lie,  
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning gray,  
Decked with the ruddy glisten of her love  
Is fair Samela.

Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day  
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy  
move,

Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy  
streams,

Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory  
Of fair Samela.

Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth  
gleams;

Her brows bright arches framed of ebony:  
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,

## *SAMELA*

And Juno in the show of majesty:

For she's Samela.

Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,

For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,

Yield to Samela.

Doron and  
Carmela

*Doron.* Sit down, Carmela; here are cobs  
for kings,  
Sloes black as jet or like my  
Christmas shoes,  
Sweet cider which my leathern  
bottle brings;  
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss  
thy toes.

*Carmela.* Ah Doron! ah my heart! thou  
art as white  
As is my mother's calf or  
brinded cow;  
Thine eyes are like the slow-  
worms in the night;  
Thine hairs resemble thickest  
of the snow.

The lines within thy face are  
deep and clear  
Like to the furrows of my  
father's wain;

## DORON AND CARMELA

The sweat upon thy face doth  
oft appear

Like to my mother's fat and  
kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my  
lips, my love!

My lips are thine, for I have  
given them thee;

Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt  
wear my glove;

At football sport thou shalt  
my champion be.

*Doron.* Carmela dear, even as the  
golden ball

That Venus got, such are thy  
goodly eyes;

When cherries' juice is jumbled  
therewithal,

Thy breath is like the steam  
of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers  
fair;

Thy teeth like to the tusks of  
fattest swine;

Thy speech is like the thunder  
in the air:

Would God, thy toes, thy lips,  
and all were mine!

## DORON AND CARMELA

*Carmela.* Doron, what thing doth move  
this wishing grief?

*Doron.* 'Tis Love, Carmela, ah, 'tis  
cruel Love,  
That, like a slave and caitiff  
villain-thief,  
Hath cut my throat of joy for  
thy behove.

*Carmela.* Where was he born?

*Doron.* In faith, I know not where;  
But I have heard much talk-  
ing of his dart:  
Ay me, poor man! with many a  
trampling tear  
I feel him wound the fore-  
horse of my heart.

What, do I love? O, no, I do  
but talk:

What, shall I die for love?  
O, no, not so.

What, am I dead? O, no, my  
tongue doth walk:

Come, kiss, Carmela, and con-  
found my woe.

*Carmela.* Even with this kiss, as once my  
father did,  
I seal the sweet indentures of  
delight:

## DORON AND CARMELA

The sweat upon thy face doth  
oft appear

Like to my mother's fat and  
kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my  
lips, my love!

My lips are thine, for I have  
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fattest swine;

Thy speech is like the thunder  
in the air:

Would God, thy toes, thy lips,  
and all were mine!





## DORON AND CARMELA

Before I break my vow the gods  
forbid,

No, not by day, nor yet by  
darksome night.

*Doron.* Even with his garland made of  
hollyhocks

I cross thy brows from every  
shepherd's kiss:

Heigh-ho, how glad I am to  
touch thy locks!

My frolic heart even now a  
freeman is.

*Carmela.* I thank you, Doron, and will  
think on you;

I love you, Doron, and will wink  
on you;

I seal your charter-patent with  
my thumbs:

Come, kiss and part, for fear  
my mother comes.

## The Shepherd's Wife's Song

Ah, what is Love? It is a pretty thing,  
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;

And sweeter too;  
For kings have cares that wait upon a  
crown,

And cares can make the sweetest love to  
frown:

Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at  
night,

As merry as a king in his delight;

And merrier too;  
For kings bethink then what the state  
require,

Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then,

### *SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG*

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat  
His cream and curds as doth the king  
his meat;

And blither too;

For kings have often fears when they do  
sup,

Where shepherds dread no poison in their  
cup:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton, then, I ween,  
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;

More wanton too;

For kings have many griefs affects to  
move,

Where shepherds have no greater grief  
than love:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain?

## *SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG*

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as  
sound

As doth a king upon his beds of down;

More sounder too;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep  
to spill,

Where weary shepherds lie and snort their  
fill:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year,  
as blithe

As doth the king at every tide or sithe;

And blither too;

For kings have wars and broils to take  
in hand,

Where shepherds laugh and love upon  
the land:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do  
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd  
swain?

## The Palmer's Ode

Old Menalcas, on a day,  
As in field this shepherd lay,  
Tuning of his oaten pipe,  
Which he hit with many a stripe,  
Said to Corydon that he  
Once was young and full of glee.  
"Blithe and wanton was I then:  
Such desires follow men.  
As I lay and kept my sheep,  
Came the God that hateth sleep,  
Clad in armour all of fire,  
Hand in hand with queen Desire,  
And with a dart that wounded nigh,  
Pierced my heart as I did lie;  
That when I woke I 'gan swear  
Phyllis beauty's palm did bear.  
Up I start, forth went I,  
With her face to feed mine eye;  
There I saw Desire sit,  
That my heart with love had hit,  
Laying forth bright beauty's hooks  
To entrap my gazing looks.

## *THE PALMER'S ODE*

Love I did, and 'gan to woo,  
Pray and sigh; all would not do;  
Women, when they take the toy,  
Covet to be counted coy.  
Coy she was, and I 'gan court;  
She thought love was but a sport;  
Profound hell was in my thought;  
Such a pain Desire had wrought,  
That I sued with sighs and tears;  
Still ingrate she stopped her ears,  
Till my youth I had spent.  
Last a passion of repent  
Told me flat, that Desire  
Was a brand of love's fire,  
Which consumeth men in thrall,  
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.  
At this saw, back I start,  
Beat Desire from my heart,  
Shook off Love, and made an oath  
To be enemy to both.  
Old I was when thus I fled  
Such fond toys as cloyed my head,  
But this I learned at Virtue's gate,  
The way to good is never late."

## Content

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of  
content;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber  
spent;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry  
frown;

Such sweet content, such minds, such  
sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet  
rest,

The cottage that affords no pride nor  
care,

The mean that 'grees with country music  
best,

The sweet consort of mirth and music's  
fare,

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;  
A mind content both crown and kingdom  
is.

## Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam

### The World

The world's a bubble and the life of man  
Less than a span;  
In his conception wretched, from the  
womb,

So to the tomb;  
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to  
years

With cares and fears.  
Who then to frail mortality shall trust  
But limns on water, or but writes in  
dust.

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live  
oppressed,

What life is best?  
Courts are but only superficial schools,  
To dandle fools;



## THE WORLD

The rural part is turned into a den  
Of savage men;  
And where's a city from foul vice so free  
But may be termed the worst of all the  
three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
Or pains his head:  
Those that live single take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse:  
These would have children; those that  
have them moan,  
Or wish them gone:  
What is it, then, to have or have no  
wife,  
But single thralldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please  
Is a disease;  
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
Peril and toil;  
Wars with their noise affright us; when  
they cease,  
We're worse in peace:  
What then remains, but that we still  
should cry  
For being born, and, being born, to die?

## Robert Southwell

### The Burning Babe



As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering  
in the snow,  
Surprised was I with sudden heat which  
made my heart to glow:  
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what  
fire was near,  
A pretty babe all burning bright did in  
the air appear;  
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such  
floods of tears did shed  
As though His floods should quench His  
flames with which His tears were fed:  
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born in  
fiery heats I fry,  
Yet none approach to warm their hearts  
or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is; the  
fuel, wounding thorns;  
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;  
the ashes, shames and scorns;

## *THE BURNING BABE*

The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy  
blows the coals,  
The metal in this furnace wrought are  
men's defiled souls:  
For which, as now on fire I am to work  
them to their good,  
So will I melt into a bath, to wash  
them in my blood."  
With this He vanished out of sight and  
swiftly shrunk away,  
And straight I called unto mind that it  
was Christmas Day.

## A Child my Choice

Let folly praise that fancy loves, I praise  
and love that Child

Whose heart no thought, whose tongue  
no word, whose hand no deed defiled.  
I praise Him most, I love Him best, all  
praise and love is His;

While Him I love, in Him I live, and  
cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,  
man's most desired light,

To love Him life, to leave Him death, to  
live in Him delight.

He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each  
to other due,

First friend He was, best friend He is,  
all times will try Him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet  
strong; though man, yet God He is;

As wise He knows, as strong He can, as  
God He loves to bless.

## A CHILD MY CHOICE

His knowledge rules, His strength defends,  
His love doth cherish all;  
His birth our joy, His life our light, His  
death our end of thrall.  
Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet  
do His angels sing;  
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,  
doth bud a joyful spring.  
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms can  
force all foes to fly,  
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct  
me when I die!

## Henry Constable

### Damelus' Song of his Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,  
White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
Heigh-ho, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as my lambs  
Are beloved of their dams:  
How blest were I if thou wouldst  
prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
I do love thee as each flower  
Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
For dead, thy breath to life might  
move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed  
When all thy praises are expressed,  
Dear joy, how I do love thee!

As the birds do love the spring,  
Or the bees their careful king:

Then in requite, sweet virgin, love  
me!

## The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis

Venus fair did ride,  
Silver doves they drew her  
By the pleasant lawns,  
Ere the sun did rise;  
Vesta's beauty rich  
Opened wide to view her,  
Philomel records  
Pleasing harmonies.  
Every bird of spring  
Cheerfully did sing,  
Paphos' goddess they salute.  
Now Love's Queen so fair  
Had of mirth no care;  
For her son had made her mute.  
In her breast so tender  
He a shaft did enter,  
When her eyes beheld a boy:  
Adonis was he named,  
By his mother shamed;  
Yet he now is Venus' joy!



*VENUS AND ADONIS*

Him alone she met,  
Ready bound for hunting;  
Him she kindly greets,  
And his journey stays;  
Him she seeks to kiss,  
No devices wanting;  
Him her eyes still woo,  
Him her tongue still prays.  
He with blushing red,  
Hangeth down the head;  
Not a kiss can he afford;  
His face is turned away,  
Silence said her nay,  
Still she wooed him for a word.  
"Speak," she said, "thou fairest;  
Beauty thou impairest;  
See me, I am pale and wan:  
Lovers all adore me,  
I for love implore thee;"  
Crystal tears with that down ran.

Him herewith she forced  
To come sit down by her,  
She his neck embraced,  
Gazing in his face.  
He, like one transformed,  
Stirred no look to eye her;  
Every herb did woo him,  
Growing in that place.

## VENUS AND ADONIS

Each bird with a ditty  
Prayed him for pity,  
In behalf of Beauty's Queen.  
Water's gentle murmur  
Craved him to love her;  
Yet no liking could be seen.  
"Boy," she said, "look on me,  
Still I gaze upon thee,  
Speak, I pray thee, my delight."  
Coldly he replied,  
And in brief denied  
To bestow on her a sight.

"I am now too young  
To be won by beauty,  
Tender are my years,  
I am yet a bud."  
"Fair thou art," she said,  
"Then it is thy duty,  
Wert thou but a blossom,  
To effect my good.  
Every beauteous flower  
Boasteth in my power,  
Birds and beasts my laws effect;  
Myrrha, thy fair mother,  
Most of any other,  
Did my lovely hests respect.  
Be with me delighted,  
Thou shalt be requited,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Every nymph on thee shall tend;  
All the gods shall love thee,  
Man shall not reprove thee;  
Love himself shall be thy friend."

"Wend thee from me, Venus,  
I am not disposed;  
Thou wring'st me too hard,  
Prithee let me go;  
Fie! what a pain it is,  
Thus to be enclosed!  
If love begin with labour,  
It will end in woe."

"Kiss me, I will leave."

"Here, a kiss receive."

"A short kiss I do it find:  
Wilt thou leave me so?  
Yet thou shalt not go;  
Breathe once more thy balmy wind.

It smelleth of the myrrh-tree,  
That to the world did bring thee;  
Never was perfume so sweet."

When she had thus spoken,  
She gave him a token,  
And their naked bosoms meet.

"Now," he said, "let's go,  
Hark, the hounds are crying,  
Grisly boar is up,  
Huntsmen follow fast."

## VENUS AND ADONIS

At the name of boar,  
Venus seemed dying,  
Deadly coloured, pale,  
Roses overcast.  
"Speak," said she, "no more  
Of following the boar,  
Thou, unfit for such a chase;  
Course the fearful hare,  
Venison do not spare.  
If thou wilt yield Venus grace,  
Shun the boar, I pray thee,  
Else I still will stay thee."  
Herein, he vowed to please her mind;  
Then her arms enlarged,  
Loth she him discharged:  
Forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phœbus' steeds  
In the west retained,  
Hunting sport was past;  
Love her love did seek.  
Sight of him too soon,  
Gentle queen, she gained;  
On the ground he lay,  
Blood had left his cheek.  
For an orped swine  
Smit him in the groin,  
Deadly wound his death did bring;  
Which, when Venus found,  
She fell in a swoond,

Second Chorus from  
Hymen's Triumph

Desire, that is of things ungot,  
See what travail it procureth,  
And how much the mind endureth,  
To gain what yet it gaineth not:  
For never was it paid,  
The charge defrayed,  
According to the price of thought.

## Beauty's Date

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning  
dew,

Whose short refresh upon the tender green  
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth  
show,

And straight 'tis gone, as it had never  
been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest  
flourish,

Short is the glory of the blushing rose,  
The hue which thou so carefully dost  
nourish,

Yet which, at length, thou must be forced  
to lose,

When thou, surcharged with burthen of  
thy years,

Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the  
earth,

And that in Beauty's lease, expired, ap-  
pears

The date of age, the kalends of our death:

But, ah! no more, this must not be  
foretold,

For women grieve to think they must  
be old.

## Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable  
Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
With dark forgetting of my care, return!  
And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night's untruth.  
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
To model forth the passions of the mor-  
row;  
Never let rising sun approve you liars,  
To add more grief to aggravate my sor-  
row.  
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in  
vain,  
And never wake to feel the day's dis-  
dain.

Epistle to the  
Lady Margaret,  
Countess of  
Cumberland

He that of such a height hath built his  
mind,  
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts  
so strong,  
As neither fear nor hope can shake the  
frame  
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind  
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong  
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:  
What a fair seat hath he, from whence  
he may  
The boundless wastes and wilds of man  
survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look  
down  
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!  
Where all the storms of passions mainly  
beat



## *EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET*

On flesh and blood: where honour, power,  
renown

Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;  
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet  
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem  
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs'  
wars

But only as on stately robberies;  
Where evermore the fortune that prevails  
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars  
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.  
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:  
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still  
Conspires with power, whose cause must  
not be ill.

He sees the face of Right as manifold  
As are the passions of uncertain man;  
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,  
To serve his ends, and make his courses  
hold.

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,  
Plot and contrive base ways to high de-  
sires,

That the all-guiding providence doth yet  
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke  
of wit.

## *COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND*

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks  
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;  
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.  
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart, so near allied to earth,  
Cannot but pity the perplexed state  
Of troublous and distressed mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly birth  
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon imbecility:  
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,  
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,  
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,

## *EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET*

And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack  
man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;  
And the inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,  
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares the man that hath  
prepared  
A rest for his desires; and sees all things  
Beneath him; and hath learned this book  
of man,  
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared  
The best of glory with her sufferings:  
By whom, I see, you labour, all you can,  
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts  
as near  
His glorious mansion, as your powers can  
bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned  
By that clear judgment, that hath carried  
you  
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,  
As they can stand against the strongest  
head  
Passion can make; inured to any hue  
The world can cast; that cannot cast that  
mind

## COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

Out of her form of goodness, that doth  
see  
Both what the best and worst of earth  
can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here  
befals,  
You in the region of yourself remain:  
Where no vain breath of the impudent  
molests,  
That hath secured within the brazen walls  
Of a clear conscience, that without all  
stain  
Rises in peace, in innocence rests;  
Whilst all what malice from without pro-  
cures,  
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not  
yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in re-  
venge  
Than women use to do; yet you well know,  
That wrong is better checked by being  
contemned,  
Than being pursued; leaving to him to  
avenge,  
To whom it appertains. Wherein you  
show,  
How worthily your clearness had con-  
demned

*EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET*

Base malediction, living in the dark,  
That at the rays of goodness still doth  
bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of his world, about the which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects are such,  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress:  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie  
With earth, and cannot lift themselves  
from thence;  
That never are at peace with their desires,  
But work beyond their years; and even deny  
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense  
With death. That when ability expires,  
Desire lives still: so much delight they  
have,  
To carry toil and travail to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be  
the best  
They reach unto, when they have cast the  
sum

*COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND*

And reckonings of their glory. And you  
know,

This floating life hath but this port of  
rest,

A heart prepared, that fears no ill to  
come.

And that man's greatness rests but in his  
show,

The best of all whose days consumed are,  
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned  
mind

Hath been so set by that all-working hand  
Of heaven, that though the world hath  
done his worst

To put it out by discords most unkind;  
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand  
With God and man; nor ever will be forced  
From that most sweet accord; but still  
agree,

Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthi-  
ness

Remains recorded in so many hearts,  
As time nor malice cannot wrong your  
right,

In the inheritance of fame you must  
possess:

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In the inheritance of fame you must  
possess:

*EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET*

You that have built you by your great  
deserts,

Out of small means, a far more exquisite  
And glorious dwelling for your honoured  
name,

Than all the gold of leaden mines can  
frame.

# Michael Drayton

## Ballad of Agincourt

Fair stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry;  
But putting to the main  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marcheth towards Agincourt  
In happy hour;  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way  
Where the French general lay  
With all his power.

## *BALLAD OF AGINCOURT*

Which in his height of pride  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
    To the king sending;  
Which he neglects the while  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile  
    Their fall portending.

.

And turning to his men  
Quoth our brave Henry then:  
"Though they to one be ten,  
    Be not amazed:  
Yet have we well begun,  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
    By fame been raised.

"And for myself (quoth he)  
This my full rest shall be,  
England ne'er mourn for me  
    Nor more esteem me:  
Victor I will remain  
Or on this earth lie slain,  
Never shall she sustain  
    Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,

## *BALLAD OF AGLINCOURT*

Under our swords they fell:  
    No less our skill is  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
    Lopped the French Lilies."

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager vaward led;  
With the main Henry sped  
    Amongst his henchmen;  
Exeter had the rear,  
A braver man not there;  
O Lord, how hot they were  
    On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan:  
    To hear was wonder.  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake;  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham,  
Which did'st the signal aim  
    To our hid forces;

## *BALLAD OF AGINCOURT*

When from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly,  
The English archery  
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung  
Piercing the weather;  
None from his fellows starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw  
And forth their bilboes drew  
And on the French they flew,  
Not one was tardy;  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went,  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
His broad-sword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruised his helmet.

## *BALLAD OF AGINCOURT*

Gloster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood  
    With his brave brother;  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made  
    Still as they ran up:  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray  
Which fame did not delay  
    To England to carry:  
O when shall English men  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
    Such a King Harry!



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## To the Virginian Voyage

You brave heroic minds,  
Worthy your country's name,  
That honour still pursue;  
Go and subdue,  
Whilst loitering hinds  
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;  
Quickly aboard bestow you,  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretched sail,  
With vows as strong  
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,  
West and by south forth keep;  
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,  
When Eolus scowls,  
You need not fear;  
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea  
Success you still entice

## *TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE*

To get the pearl and gold,  
And ours to hold  
Virginia,  
Earth's only Paradise.

When nature hath in store  
Fowl, venison, and fish,  
And the fruitful'st soil,  
Without your toil,  
Three harvests more,  
All greater than you wish.

And the ambitious vine  
Crowns with his purple mass  
The cedar reaching high  
To kiss the sky,  
The cypress, pine,  
And useful sassafras.

To whom the golden age  
Still nature's laws doth give,  
No other cares attend  
But them to defend  
From winter's rage,  
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell  
Of that delicious land,  
Above the seas that flows,  
The clear wind throws

## *TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE*

Your hearts to swell  
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore  
(Thanks to God first given),  
O you, the happiest men,  
Be frolic then;  
Let cannons roar,  
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,  
Such heroes bring ye forth,  
As those from whom we came:  
And plant our name  
Under that star  
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows  
Of laurel everywhere,  
Apollo's sacred tree,  
You it may see,  
A poet's brows  
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend  
Industrious Hackluit,  
Whose reading shall inflame  
Men to seek fame,  
And much commend  
To after-times thy wit.

## To Cupid

Maidens, why spare ye?  
Or whether not dare ye  
Correct the blind shooter?  
Because wanton Venus,  
So oft that doth pain us,  
Is her son's tutor!

Now in the Spring  
He proveth his wing,  
The field is his bower;  
And as the small bee,  
About flyeth he  
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves  
Abroad in the groves,  
And in the air hovers;  
Which when it him deweth,  
His feathers he meweth  
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doomed by Fate  
(That well knew his hate)  
That he should be blind,

## TO CUPID

For very despite,  
Our eyes be his white,  
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing  
(Ill his mark choosing)  
Or his bow broken,  
The moan Venus maketh,  
And care that she taketh,  
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending  
Her love, and straight sending  
Her doves and her sparrows,  
With kisses, unto him,  
And all but to woo him  
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,  
Saith she, "Right mine own son!"  
In her arms him she closes,  
Sweets on him fans,  
Laid in down of her swans,  
His sheets, leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;  
Which oft when he misses  
He ever is froward:  
The mother's o'erjoying  
Makes by much coying  
The child so untoward.

*TO CUPID*

Yet in a fine net,  
That a spider set,  
The maidens had caught him;  
Had she not been near him,  
And chanced to hear him,  
More good they had taught him.



To his  
Coy Love

A CANZONET

I pray thee, leave, love me no more,  
Call home the heart you gave me,  
I but in vain that saint adore,  
That can, but will not save me:  
These poor half kisses kill me quite;  
Was ever man thus served?  
Amidst an ocean of delight,  
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts  
With azure riverets branched,  
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,  
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.  
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,  
By me thou art prevented;  
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,  
But thus in heaven tormented.

*TO HIS COY LOVE*

Clip me no more in those dear arms,  
Nor thy life's comfort call me;  
O, these are but too powerful charms,  
And do but more enthrall me.  
But see how patient I am grown,  
In all this coil about thee;  
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone;  
I cannot live without thee.

## To his Rival

Her loved I most,  
By thee that's lost,  
Though she were won with leisure;  
She was my gain,  
But to my pain  
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught  
With gold, far sought,  
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,  
May suffer wrack  
In sailing back  
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good sir,  
Did not prefer  
You, for that I was ranging;  
But for that she  
Found faith in me,  
And she loved to be changing.

Therefore boast not  
Your happy lot,  
Be silent now you have her;

*TO HIS RIVAL*

The time I knew  
She slighted you,  
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast  
But may be cast  
By fortune, and disgraced:  
Once did I wear  
Her garter there  
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow  
That thou hast now  
And glances to discover  
Her love to me,  
And she to thee  
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile  
That can beguile,  
But as my thought I know it;  
Yea, to a hair,  
Both when and where  
And how she will bestow it.

What now is thine  
Was only mine,  
And first to me was given;  
Thou laugh'st at me,  
I laugh at thee,  
And thus we two are even.

*TO HIS RIVAL*

But I'll not mourn,  
But stay my turn,  
The wind may come about, sir,  
And once again  
May bring me in  
And help to bear you out, sir.

## Florimel's Ditty

FROM THE  
MUSES' ELYSIUM

How in my thoughts shall I contrive  
The image I am framing,  
Which is so far superlative,  
As 'tis beyond all naming?  
I would Jove of my counsel make,  
And have his judgment in it,  
But that I doubt he would mistake  
How rightly to begin it.  
It must be builded in the air,  
And 'tis my thoughts must do it,  
And only they must be the stair  
From earth to mount me to it.  
For of my sex I frame my lay,  
Each hour ourselves forsaking,  
How should I then find out the way,  
To this my undertaking,  
When our weak fancies working still,  
Yet changing every minute,  
Will show that it requires some skill,  
Such difficulties in it?

### *FLORIMEL'S DITTY*

We would things, yet we know not what,  
And let our will be granted,  
Yet instantly we find in that  
Something unthought of wanted.  
Our joys and hopes such shadows are  
As with our motions vary,  
Which when we oft have fetched from far,  
With us they never tarry.  
Some worldly cross doth still attend  
What long we have been spinning,  
And ere we fully get the end,  
We lose of our beginning.  
Our policies so peevish are  
That with themselves they wrangle,  
And many times become the snare  
That soonest us entangle;  
For that the love we bear our friends,  
Though ne'er so strongly grounded,  
Hath in it certain oblique ends,  
If to the bottom sounded;  
Our own well wishing making it  
A pardonable treason,  
For that it is derived from wit,  
And underpropped with reason.  
For our dear selves' beloved sake,  
Even in the depth of passion,  
Our centre though ourselves we make  
Yet is not that our station;  
For whilst our brows ambitious be,  
And youth at hand awaits us,

*FLORIANEL'S DITTY*

It is a pretty thing to\*see  
How finely beauty cheats us;  
And whilst with time we trifling stand  
To practise antique graces,  
Age with a pale and withered hand  
Draws furrows in our faces.



## Daffodil

FROM THE  
NINTH ECLOGUE

*Batte*

Gorbo, as thou camest this way,  
By yonder little hill,  
Or as thou through the fields did stray,  
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,  
Which colour likes her sight,  
And never hath her beauty seen,  
But through a veil of white;

Than roses richer to behold,  
That trim up lovers' bowers,  
The pansy and the marigold,  
Though Phœbus' paramours.

*Gorbo*

Thou well describ'st the daffodil;  
It is not full an hour,  
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,  
I saw that lovely flower.

## DAFFODIL

*Batte*

Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet  
Nor news of her didst bring,  
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet  
Than that by yonder spring.

*Gorbo*

I saw a shepherd that doth keep  
In yonder field of lilies,  
Was making (as he fed his sheep)  
A wreath of daffodillies.

*Batte*

Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,  
My flower thou didst not see;  
For, know, my pretty Daffodil  
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet  
No lily is so bold,  
Except to shade her from the heat,  
Or keep her from the cold.

*Gorbo*

Through yonder vale as I did pass,  
Descending from the hill,  
I met a smirking bonny lass,  
They call her Daffodil:

## DAFFODIL

Whose presence, as along she went,  
The pretty flowers did greet,  
As though their heads they downward  
bent  
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,  
From top of every hill,  
Unto the valleys loud did cry,  
There goes sweet Daffodil.

it *Batte*

Ay, gentle she<sup>re</sup>pherd, now with joy  
Thou all my flocks dost fill,  
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy;  
Let us to Daffodil ✓

## The Ballad of Dowsabel

FROM THE  
FOURTH ELOGUE

Far in the country of Arden,  
There wonned a knight, hight Cassamen,  
As bold as Isenbras:  
Fell was he and eager bent,  
In battle and in tournament,  
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,  
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,  
A maiden fair and free:  
And for she was her father's heir,  
Full well she was yconned the leir  
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,  
And make the fine march-pine,  
And with the needle work:  
And she couth help the priest to say  
His matins on a holyday,  
And sing a psalm in kirk.

## *THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL*

She wore a frock of frolic green,  
Might well become a maiden queen,  
Which seemly was to see:  
A hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the columbine,  
Ywrought full featusly.

Her features all as fresh above,  
As is the grass that grows by Dove,  
And lythe as lass of Kent:  
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime,  
Went forth when May was in the prime,  
To get sweet setywall,  
The honey-suckle, the harlock,  
The lily, and the lady-smock,  
To deck her summer hall.

Thus as she wandered here and there,  
And picked of the bloomy briar,  
She chanced to espy  
A shepherd sitting on a bank,  
Like chanticleer he crowed crank,  
And piped full merrily.

He learned his sheep, as he him list,  
When he would whistle in his fist,

## *THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL*

To feed about him round,  
Whilst he full many a carol sang,  
Until the fields and meadows rang,  
And that the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain  
Was like the bedlam Tamberlane,  
Which held proud kings in awe:  
But meek as any lamb mought be,  
And innocent of ill as he  
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

This shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,  
Which was of the finest loke  
That could be cut with sheer.  
His mittons were of bauzons' skin,  
His cockers were of cordiwin,  
His hood of miniver.

His awl and lingel in a thong,  
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,  
His breech of Cointree blue;  
Full crisp and curled were his locks,  
His brows as white as Albion rocks,  
So like a lover true.

## *THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL*

That would she ought, or would she  
nought,  
This lad would never from her thought,  
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frock,  
White as a lily was her smock,  
She drew the shepherd nigh:  
But then the shepherd piped a good,  
That all his sheep forsook their food,  
To hear his melody.

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,  
That have a jolly shepherd swain,  
The which can pipe so well."

"Yea, but," saith he, "their shepherd  
may,  
If piping thus he pine away,  
In love of Dowsabel."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep."  
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep,  
Lest they should hap to stray."  
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,  
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel  
Come forth to gather May."

With that she 'gan to vail her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
But not a word she said;

## *THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL*

With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,  
He threw his pretty pipes adown,  
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, "I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer hall undight,  
And all for love of thee."  
"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold,  
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,  
Except thou favour me."

Saith she, "Yet liever I were dead,  
Than I should lose my maidenhead,  
And all for love of men."  
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,  
If in your heart you cannot find  
To love us now and then.

"And I to thee will be as kind,  
As Colin was to Rosalind,  
Of courtesy the flower."  
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,  
"As ever maiden yet might be,  
Unto her paramour."

With that she bent her snow-white knee,  
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,  
And him she sweetly kissed.  
With that the shepherd whooped for joy.  
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy  
That ever was so blist."



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## The Fay's Marriage

FROM THE  
MUSKS' ELYSIUM

MERTILLA, CLAIÀ, CLORIS

*A Nymph is married to a Fay,  
Great preparations for the day;  
All rites of nuptials they recite you,  
To the bridal and invite you.*

*Mertilla*

But will our Tita wed this Fay?

*Claià*

Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

*Mertilla*

But why should she bestow herself  
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

*Claià*

Why, by her smallness you may find  
That she is of the fairy kind,

## *THE FAY'S MARRIAGE*

And therefore apt to choose her make  
Whence she did her beginning take:  
Besides he's dext and wondrous airy,  
And of the noblest of the Fairy,  
Chief of the Crickets of much fame,  
In Fairy a most ancient name.  
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,  
The pretty wench is wooed and won.

### *Cloris*

If this be so, let us provide  
The ornaments to fit our bride;  
For they knowing she doth come  
From us in Elysium,  
Queen Mab will look she should be drest  
In those attires we think our best;  
Therefore some curious things let 's give her,  
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

### *Mertilla*

I'll have a jewel for her ear  
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear),  
'Tshall be a dewdrop, and therein  
Of Cupids I will have a twin,  
Which struggling, with their wings shall  
break  
The bubble, out of which shall leak  
So sweet a liquor, as shall move  
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

### *Clara*

Believe me, girl, this will be fine,  
And, to this pendent, then take mine:  
A cup in fashion of a fly,  
Of the lynx's piercing eye,  
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,  
Shot in through the clearest day,  
Whose brightness Venus' self did move  
Therein to put her drink of love,  
Which for more strength she did distil,  
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill;  
At this cup's delicious brink,  
A fly approaching but to drink,  
Like amber, or some precious gum,  
It transparent doth become.

### *Cloris*

For jewels for her ears she's sped;  
But for a dressing for her head  
I think for her I'll have a tire  
That all Fairies shall admire:  
The yellows in the full-blown rose,  
Which in the top it doth inclose,  
Like drops of gold ore shall be hung  
Upon her tresses, and among  
Those scattered seeds (the eye to please)  
The wings of the cantharides:  
With some o' the rainbow that doth rail  
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:

## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Whose dainty colours being mixed  
With the other beauties, and so fixed,  
Her lovely tresses shall appear  
As though upon a flame they were.  
And, to be sure she shall be gay,  
We'll take those feathers from the jay;  
About her eyes in circlets set,  
To be our Tita's coronet.

### *Merilla*

Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,  
But we shall neatly send her out:  
But let's amongst ourselves agree  
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

### *Clara*

Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,  
Most curiously laid on in threaves:  
And, all embroidery to supply,  
Powdered with flowers of rosemary;  
A trail about the skirt shall run,  
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun  
And every seam the nymphs shall sew  
With the smallest of the spinner's clue:  
And having done their work, again  
These to the church shall bear her train:  
Which for our Tita we will make  
Of the cast slough of a snake,  
Which, quivering as the wind doth blow,  
The sun shall it like tinsel show.

## THE FAIRY'S MARRIAGE

*Cloris*

And being led to meet her mate,  
To make sure that she want no state,  
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,  
With feathers from the pheasant's head:  
Mixed with the plume of, so high price,  
The precious bird of paradise;  
Which to make up our nymphs shall ply  
Into a curious canopy,  
Borne o'er her head, by our enquiry,  
By elfs, the fittest of the Fairy.

*Mertilla*

But all this while we have forgot  
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

*Clara*

We had, for those I'll fit her now,  
They shall be of the lady-cow:  
The dainty shell upon her back  
Of crimson strewed with spots of black;  
Which as she holds a stately pace,  
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

*Cloris*

But then for music of the best,  
This must be thought on for the feast.

## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

### *Mertilla*

The nightingale of birds most choice  
To do her best shall strain her voice;  
And to this bird to make a set,  
The mavis, merle, and robinet,  
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,  
That make a choir of every bush.  
But for still music, we will keep  
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep  
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,  
The rest into their chambers gone.  
And, like those upon ropes that walk,  
On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,  
The tripping fairy tricks shall play  
The evening of the wedding-day.

### *Claia*

But, for the bride-bed, what were fit,  
That hath not yet been talked of yet.

### *Cloris*

Of leaves of roses white and red,  
Shall be the covering of her bed  
The curtains, valence, tester, all,  
Shall be the flower imperial:  
And for the fringe, it all along  
With azure harebells shall be hung:  
Of lilies shall the pillows be,  
With down stuffed of the butterfly.



## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

*Mertilla*

Thus far we handsomely have gone,  
Now for our prothalamion,  
Or marriage song, of all the rest  
A thing that much must grace our feast.  
Let us practise, then, to sing it  
Ere we before the assembly bring it;  
We in dialogue must do it;  
Then, my dainty girls, set to it.

*Claia*

This day must Tita married be;  
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

*Mertilla*

But is it certain that ye say?  
Will she wed the noble Fay?

*Cloris*

Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,  
Such as the gods at banquets use:  
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,  
And make proud the posts with posies:  
Shoot your sweets into the air,  
Charge the morning to be fair.

*Claia and Mertilla*

For our Tita is this day  
To be married to a Fay.

## *THE FAY'S MARRIAGE*

*Claia*

By whom, then, shall our bride be led  
To the temple to be wed?

*Mertilla*

Only by yourself and I;  
Who that roomth should else supply?

*Cloris*

Come, bright girls, come all together,  
And bring all your offerings hither,  
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,  
All your goodly graces levy,  
Come in majesty and state  
Our bridal here to celebrate.

*Mertilla and Claia*

For our Tita is this day  
Married to a noble Fay.

*Claia*

Whose lot will 't be the way to strow,  
On which to church our bride must go?

*Mertilla*

That I think as fit'st of all  
To lively Lelipa must fall.

## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

### *Cloris*

Summon all the sweets that are,  
To this nuptial to repair;  
Till with their throngs themselves they  
smother,  
Strongly stilling one another;  
And at last they all consume,  
And vanish in one rich perfume.

### *Mertilla and Clia*

For our Tita is this day  
Married to a noble Fay.

### *Mertilla*

By whom must Tita married be?  
'Tis fit we all to that should see.

### *Clia*

The priest he purposely doth come,  
The Arch-Flamen of Elysium.

### *Cloris*

With tapers let the temples shine,  
Sing to Hymen hymns divine;  
Load the altars till there rise  
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice;  
With your censers sling aloof  
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

### *Mertilla and Claia*

For our Tita is this day  
Married to a noble Fay.

### *Mertilla*

But coming back when she is wed,  
Who breaks the cake above her head?

### *Claia*

That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,  
And our Tita is the smallest.

### *Cloris*

Violins, strike up aloud,  
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,  
Let the nimble hand belabour  
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:  
To the full the bagpipe rack,  
Till the swelling leather crack.

### *Mertilla and Claia*

For our Tita is this day  
Married to a noble Fay.

### *Claia*

But when to dine she takes her seat,  
What shall be our Tita's meat?

## THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

### *Mertilla*

The gods this feast, as to begin,  
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

### *Cloris*

Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,  
The respas, and Elysian cherry;  
The virgin honey from the flowers  
In Hybla, wrought in Flora's bowers;  
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl  
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

### *Mertilla and Claia*

For our Tita is this day  
Married to a noble Fay.

### *Claia*

But when night comes, and she must go  
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

### *Mertilla*

In the posset must be brought,  
And points be from the bridegroom  
caught.

### *Cloris*

In masks, in dances, and delight,  
And rare banquets spend the night;

## *THE FAY'S MARRIAGE*

Then about the room we ramble,  
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble;  
Over stools and tables tumble,  
Never think of noise nor rumble.

### *Mertilla and Claia*

For our Tita is this day  
Married to a noble Fay.

## Nymphidia

THE COURT OF FAIRY

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,  
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,  
A later third of Dowsabel,  
    With such poor trifles playing;  
Others the like have laboured at,  
Some of this thing and some of that,  
And many of they know not what,  
    But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will  
Be talking of the Fairies still,  
Nor never can they have their fill,  
    As they were wedded to them;  
No tales of them their thirst can slake,  
So much delight therein they take,  
And some strange thing they fain would  
    make,  
    Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,  
Or of the later, or the old,  
Those elvish secrets to unfold,  
    Which lie from others' reading,

## NYMPHIDIA

My active Muse to light shall bring  
The Court of that proud Fairy King,  
And tell there of the revelling:

Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay,  
Which, meeting me upon the way,  
These secrets didst to me bewray,  
Which now I am in telling;  
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,  
I here invoke thee to my aid,  
That I may speak what thou hast said,  
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,  
By necromancy placed there,  
That it no tempests needs to fear,  
Which way soe'er it blow it;  
And somewhat southward toward the noon,  
Whence lies a way up to the moon,  
And thence the Fairy can as soon  
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made  
Well mortised and finely laid;  
He was the master of his trade  
It curiously that builded;  
The windows of the eyes of cats,  
And for the roof, instead of slats,  
Is covered with the skins of bats,  
With moonshine that are gilded.



## NYMPHIDIA

Hence Oberon him sport to make,  
Their rest when weary mortals take,  
And none but only fairies wake,  
    Descendeth for his pleasure;  
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night  
Bestrides young folks that lie upright  
(In elder times, the mare that hight),  
    Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,  
Of little frisking elves and apes  
To earth do make their wanton scapes,  
    As hope of pastime hastes them;  
Which maids think on the hearth they see  
When fires well-near consumed be,  
There dancing hays by two and three,  
    Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttish rue,  
By pinching them both black and blue,  
And put a penny in their shoe  
    The house for cleanly sweeping;  
And in their courses make that round  
In meadows and in marshes found,  
Of them so called the Fairy Ground,  
    Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got  
Which after proves an idiot  
When folk perceive it thriveth not,  
    The fault therein to smother,

## *NYMPHIDIA*

Some silly, doting, brainless calf  
That understands things by the half,  
Say that the Fairy left this aulfe  
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell  
A chance in Fairy that befell,  
Which certainly may please some well  
In love and arms delighting,  
Of Oberon that jealous grew  
Of one of his own Fairy crew,  
Too well, he feared, his Queen that knew,  
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggan was this Fairy Knight,  
One wondrous gracious in the sight  
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night  
He amorously observed;  
Which made King Oberon suspect  
His service took too good effect,  
His sauciness and often checkt,  
And could have wished him starved.

Pigwiggan gladly would commend  
Some token to Queen Mab to send,  
If sea or land could ought him lend  
Were worthy of her wearing;  
At length this lover doth devise  
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,  
A thing he thought that she would prize,  
No whit her state impairing.

## NYMPHIDIA

And to the Queen a letter writes,  
Which he most curiously indites,  
Conjuring her by all the rites

Of love, she would be pleased  
To meet him, her true servant, where  
They might, without suspect or fear,  
Themselves to one another clear  
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,  
And for the Queen a fitting bower,"  
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower

On Hipcut hill that bloweth:  
In all your train there's not a fay  
That ever went to gather may  
But she hath made it, in her way;  
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a Fairy Page,  
He sent it, and doth him engage  
By promise of a mighty wage

It secretly to carry;  
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,  
And bids them to be ready all:  
She would go see her summer hall,  
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,  
Each thing therein is fitting laid,  
That she by nothing might be stayed,  
For nought must her be letting;

## NYMPHIDIA

Four nimble gnats the horses were,  
Their harnesses of gossamer,  
Fly Cranion her charioteer  
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,  
Which for the colours did excel,  
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,  
So lively was the limning;  
The seat the soft wool of the bee,  
The cover, gallantly to see,  
The wing of a pied butterflee;  
I trow 't was simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,  
And daintily made for the nonce,  
For fear of rattling on the stones  
With thistle-down they shod it;  
For all her maidens much did fear  
If Oberon had chanced to hear  
That Mab his Queen should have been there,  
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,  
Nor would she stay, for no advice,  
Until her maids that were so nice  
To wait on her were fitted;  
But ran herself away alone,  
Which when they heard, there was not one  
But hastened after to be gone,  
As she had been diswitted.

## NYMPHIDIA

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,  
Pip and Trip and Skip that were  
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,  
Her special maids of honour;  
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,  
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,  
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,  
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got  
And, what with amble and with trot,  
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,  
But after her they hie them;  
A cobweb over them they throw,  
To shield the wind if it should blow,  
Themselves they wisely could bestow  
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile  
(Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,  
That now had gotten by this wile),  
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;  
And tell how Oberon doth fare,  
Who grew as mad as any hare  
When he had sought each place with care  
And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,  
He rent his clothes and tore his hair,  
And as he runneth here and there  
An acorn cup he greeteth,

## *NYMPHIDIA*

Which soon he taketh by the stalk,  
About his head he lets it walk,  
Nor doth he any creature balk,  
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance  
The frantic Paladin of France,  
And those more ancient do enhance  
Alcides in his fury,  
And others Ajax Telamon,  
But to this time there hath been none  
So bedlam as our Oberon,  
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encountering with a Wasp,  
He in his arms the fly doth clasp  
As though his breath he forth would  
grasp,

Him for Pigwiggen taking:  
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth  
he;

"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;  
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"  
Whereat the poor Wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,  
Content thee, I am no such thing:  
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"

At which the Fairy started;

## NYMPHIDIA

When soon away the Wasp doth go,  
Poor wretch, was never frightened so;  
He thought his wings were much too  
    slow,  
O'erjoyed they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light  
(You must suppose it now was night),  
Which, for her hinder part was bright,  
    He took to be a devil,  
And furiously doth her assail  
For carrying fire in her tail;  
He thrashed her rough coat with his flail;  
    The mad King feared no evil.

"Oh!" quoth the Glow-worm, "hold thy  
    hand,  
Thou puissant King of Fairy-land!  
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?  
    Hold, or of life despair I!"  
Together then herself doth roll,  
And tumbling down into a hole,  
She seemed as black as any coal;  
    Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive:  
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,  
And down their combs begins to rive,  
    All likely to have spoiled,

## Nymphidia

Which with their wax his face besmeared,  
And with their honey daubed his beard:  
It would have made a man afeared  
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides;  
He met an Ant, which he bestrides,  
And post thereon away he rides,  
Which with his haste doth stumble,  
And came full over on her snout;  
Her heels so threw the dirt about,  
For she by no means could get out,  
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,  
And all be-slurred head and face,  
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,  
As here and there he rambles;  
Half blind, against a molehole hit,  
And for a mountain taking it,  
For all he was out of his wit  
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,  
Yet there himself he could not stop,  
But down on the other side doth chop,  
And to the foot came rumbling;  
So that the grubs, therein that bred,  
Hearing such turmoil overhead,  
Thought surely they had all been dead;  
So fearful was the jumbling.



## NYMPHIDIA

And falling down into a lake,  
Which him up to the neck doth take,  
His fury somewhat it doth slake;  
He calleth for a ferry;  
Where you may some recovery note,  
What was his club he made his boat,  
And in his oaken cup doth float,  
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange  
Of Don Quishott, and of their change,  
Through which he armed oft did range,  
Of Sancha Pancha's travel;  
But should a man tell everything  
Done by this frantic Fairy King,  
And them in lofty numbers sing,  
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal  
He meeteth Puck, which most men call  
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall  
With words from frenzy spoken:  
"Ho, ho," quoth Hob, "God save thy  
grace!  
Who drest thee in this piteous case?  
He thus that spoiled my sovereign's face,  
I would his neck were broken!"

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,  
Still walking like a ragged colt,

## *NYMPHIDIA*

And oft out of a bush doth bolt,  
Of purpose to deceive us;  
And leading us makes us to stray,  
Long winter's nights, out of the way;  
And when we stick in mire and clay,  
Hob doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is  
gone:

As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,  
Let everything but this alone,  
With vengeance and pursue her;  
Bring her to me alive or dead,  
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head:  
That villain hath defiled my bed,  
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,  
But I will thorough thick and thin,  
Until at length I bring her in;

My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.  
Thorough brake, thorough briar,  
Thorough muck, thorough mire,  
Thorough water, thorough fire;  
And thus goes Puck about it."

This thing Nymphidia overheard,  
That on this mad king had a guard,  
Not doubting of a great reward  
For first this business broaching;

## NYMPHIDIA

And through the air away doth go,  
Swift as an arrow from the bow,  
To let her sovereign Mab to know  
What peril was approaching.

The Queen bound with Love's powerful'st  
charm  
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;  
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,  
About the room were skipping;  
A humble-bee, their minstrel, played,  
Upon his hautboy, every maid  
Fit for this revel was arrayed,  
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,  
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,  
For there is danger but too nigh;  
I posted to forewarn you:  
The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,  
To seek you all the fields about,  
And of your safety you may doubt  
If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,  
Before them everything went down;  
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,  
'Gainst one another justling;

## NYMPHIDIA

They flew about like chaff i' the wind;  
For haste some left their masks behind;  
Some could not stay their gloves to find;  
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they, by a secret way,  
Into a brake that near them lay;  
Yet much they doubted there to stay,  
Lest Hob should hap to find them;  
He had a sharp and piercing sight,  
All one to him the day and night;  
And therefore were resolved by flight  
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut,  
In the end of which a hole was cut,  
Which lay upon a hazel root,  
There scattered by a squirrel  
Which out the kernel gotten had;  
When quoth this Fay, "Dear Queen, be  
glad;  
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,  
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,  
"Come closely in; be ruled by me;  
Each one may here a chooser be,  
For room ye need not wrastle:

## Nymphidia

Nor need ye be together heapt ;"  
So one by one therein they crept,  
And lying down they soundly slept,  
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,  
Perceived if Puck the Queen should catch  
That he should be her over-match,  
Of which she well bethought her ;  
Found it must be some powerful charm,  
The Queen against him that must arm,  
Or surely he would do her harm,  
For throughly he had sought her.

And listening if she aught could hear,  
That her might hinder, or might fear,  
But finding still the coast was clear,  
Nor creature had descried her ;  
Each circumstance and having scanned,  
She came thereby to understand,  
Puck would be with them out of hand ;  
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,  
The kernel of the misletoe ;  
And here and there as Puck should go,  
With terror to affright him,  
She nightshade straws to work him ill,  
Therewith her vervain and her dill,  
That hindereth witches of their will,  
Of purpose to despise him.

## NYMPHIDIA

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,  
That groweth underneath the yew;  
With nine drops of the midnight dew,  
    From lunary distilling:  
The molewarp's brain mixed therewithal;  
And with the same the pismire's gall:  
For she in nothing short would fall,  
    The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,  
Which at both ends was rooted deep,  
And over it three times she leap;  
    Her magic much availing:  
Then on Proserpina doth call,  
And so upon her spell doth fall,  
Which here to you repeat I shall,  
    Not in one tittle failing.

“By the croaking of the frog,  
By the howling of the dog,  
By the crying of the hog  
    Against the storm arising;  
By the evening curfew bell,  
By the doleful dying knell,  
O let this my direful spell,  
    Hob, hinder thy surprising!

“By the mandrake's dreadful groans,  
By the lubrican's sad moans,  
By the noise of dead men's bones  
    In charnel-houses rattling;

## *NYMPHIDIA*

By the hissing of the snake,  
The rustling of the fire-drake,  
I charge thee thou this place forsake,  
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

“By the whirlwind’s hollow sound,  
By the thunder’s dreadful stound,  
Yells of spirits underground,  
I charge thee not to fear us;  
By the screech-owl’s dismal note,  
By the black night-raven’s throat,  
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat  
With thorns, if thou come near us!”

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,  
And in a chink herself doth hide,  
To see thereof what would betide,  
For she doth only mind him:  
When presently she Puck espies,  
And well she marked his gloating eyes,  
How under every leaf he pries,  
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,  
The charms to work do straight begin,  
And he was caught as in a gin;  
For as he thus was busy,  
A pain he in his head-piece feels,  
Against a stubbed tree he reels,  
And up went poor Hobgoblin’s heels;  
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

## VINDICATION

At length upon his feet he gets,  
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;  
And as again he forward sets,

And through the bushes scrambles,  
A stump doth trip him in his pace;  
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,  
And lamentably tore his case,

Amongst the briars and brambles.

"A plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth he,  
"And all her maids where'er they be:  
I think the devil guided me,

To seek her so provoked!"

When stumbling at a piece of wood,  
He fell into a ditch of mud,

Where to the very chin he stood,

In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,  
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,  
That waked Queen Mab, who doubted sore

Some treason had been wrought her:  
Until Nymphidia told the Queen,  
What she had done, what she had seen,  
Who then had well-near cracked her spleen  
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,  
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,  
And come again to have a bout

With Oberon yet madding:



## NYMPHIDIA

And with Pigwiggen now distraught,  
Who much was troubled in his thought,  
That he so long the Queen had sought,  
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,  
"King Oberon, I thee defy,  
And dare thee here in arms to try,  
For my dear lady's honour:  
For that she is a Queen right good,  
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,  
And that thou in this jealous mood  
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,  
A little cockle-shell his shield,  
Which he could very bravely wield,  
Yet could it not be pierced:  
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,  
And well-near of two inches long:  
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,  
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,  
Which was of a fish's scale,  
That when his foe should him assail,  
No point should be prevailing:  
His rapier was a hornet's sting;  
It was a very dangerous thing,  
For if he chanced to hurt the King,  
It would be long in healing.

## *NYMPHIDIA*

His helmet was a beetle's head,  
Most horrible and full of dread,  
That able was to strike one dead,  
    Yet did it well become him;  
And for a plume a horse's hair  
Which, being tossed with the air,  
Had force to strike his foe with fear,  
    And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,  
Yet scarce he on his back could get,  
So oft and high he did curvet,  
    Ere he himself could settle:  
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,  
To gallop and to trot the round,  
He scarce could stand on any ground,  
    He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,  
One that a valiant knight had been,  
And to King Oberon of kin;

    Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,  
Tell Oberon I come prepared,  
Then bid him stand upon his guard;  
This hand his baseness shall reward,  
    Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy  
His slanders and his infamy,  
And as a mortal enemy  
    Do publicly proclaim him:

## *NYMPHIDIA*

Withal that if I had mine own,  
He should not wear the Fairy crown,  
But with a vengeance should come down,  
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide  
To hear his sovereign villified;  
But to the Fairy Court him hied  
(Full furiously he posted),  
With everything Pigwiggen said:  
How title to the crown he laid,  
And in what arms he was arrayed,  
As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,  
He told the arming of each joint,  
In every piece how neat and quaint,  
For Tomalin could do it:  
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,  
As of the courser he bestrid,  
How managed, and how well he did;  
The King which listened to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,  
Provide me arms, provide my steed,  
And everything that I shall need;  
By thee I will be guided;  
To straight account call thou thy wit;  
See there be wanting not a whit,  
In everything see thou me fit,  
Just as my foe's provided."

## NYMPHIDIA

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,  
Which gave Queen Mab to understand  
The combat that was then in hand

    Betwixt those men so mighty:  
Which greatly she began to rue,  
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,  
The first occasion from her grew  
    Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,  
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she  
    wades,

To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,  
    To treat, that it would please her  
The cause into her hands to take,  
For ancient love and friendship's sake,  
And soon thereof an end to make,  
    Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,  
And come we to King Oberon,  
Who, armed to meet his foe, is gone,

    For proud Pigwiggen crying:  
Who sought the Fairy King as last,  
And had so well his journeys cast,  
That he arrived at the last,  
    His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,  
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,

## *NYMPHIDIA*

That perfect were in everything  
To single fights belonging:  
And therefore they themselves engage  
To see them exercise their rage  
With fair and comely equipage,  
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,  
As they had been a very pair,  
So that a man would almost swear  
That either had been either;  
Their furious steeds began to neigh,  
That they were heard a mighty way;  
Their staves upon their rests they lay;  
Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,  
Which was indifferent to them both,  
That on their knightly faith and troth  
No magic them supplied;  
And sought them that they had no charms  
Wherewith to work each other's harms,  
But came with simple open arms  
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,  
That to the ground came horse and man,  
The blood out of their helmets span,  
So sharp were their encounters;



## *NYMPHIDIA*

That perfect were in everything  
To single fights belonging:  
And therefore they themselves engage  
To see them exercise their rage  
With fair and comely equipage,  
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,  
As they had been a very pair,  
So that a man would almost swear  
That either had been either;  
Their furious steeds began to neigh,  
That they were heard a mighty way;  
Their staves upon their rests they lay;  
Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,  
Which was indifferent to them both,  
That on their knightly faith and troth  
No magic them supplied;  
And sought them that they had no charms  
Wherewith to work each other's harms,  
But came with simple open arms  
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,  
That to the ground came horse and man,  
The blood out of their helmets span,  
So sharp were their encounters;

## NYMPHODIA

And though they to the earth were thrown,  
Yet quickly they regained their own,  
Such nimbleness was never shown,  
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,  
They forward came with might and main,  
Yet which had better of the twain,  
The seconds could not judge yet;  
Their shields were into pieces cleft,  
Their helmets from their heads were reft,  
And to defend them nothing left,  
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,  
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,  
And freshly they the fight renew,  
They every stroke redoubled;  
Which made Proserpina take heed,  
And make to them the greater speed,  
For fear lest they too much should bleed,  
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes,  
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,  
And in a bag doth them enclose,  
When well she had them blended.  
She hies her then to Lethe spring,  
A bottle and thereof doth bring,  
Wherewith she meant to work the thing  
Which only she intended.



APPENDIX

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone  
Unto the place where Oberon  
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,  
Both to be slain were likely;  
And there themselves they closely hide;  
Because they would not be espied;  
For Proserpine meant to decide  
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,  
Which out of it sent such a smoke,  
As ready was them all to choke,  
So grievous was the pother;  
So that the knights each other lost,  
And stood as still as any post;  
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast  
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease  
Proserpina commandeth peace;  
And that a while they should release  
Each other of their peril;  
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim  
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,  
That as ye will eschew his blame,  
You let me hear the quarrel:

"But here yourselves you must engage  
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage;  
Your grievous thirst and to assuage  
That first you drink this liquor,

Which shall your understanding clear,  
As plainly shall to you appear;  
Those things from me that you shall hear  
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,  
The memory destroyeth so,  
That of our weal, or of our woe,  
Is all remembrance blotted;  
Of it nor can you ever think;  
For they no sooner took this drink,  
But nought into their brains could sink  
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had  
That he for jealousy ran mad,  
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,  
And asked how they came thither:  
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget  
That he Queen Mab had ever met,  
Or that they were so hard beset,  
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought  
That e'er they had each other sought,  
Much less that they a combat fought,  
But such a dream were loathing:  
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,  
And Tomalin scarce kissed the cup,  
Yet had their brains so sure locked up,  
That they remembered nothing.

*NYMPHIDIA*

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,  
Amongst themselves do closely smile,  
To see the King caught with this wile,  
With one another jesting:  
And to the Fairy Court they went  
With mickle joy and merriment,  
Which thing was done with good intent,  
And thus I left them feasting.

## Ideas

### SONNET 6

How many paltry foolish painted things,  
That now in coaches trouble every street,  
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,  
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet!

Where I to thee eternity shall give,  
When nothing else remaineth of these days,

And queens hereafter shall be glad to live  
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.  
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,

Shall be so much delighted with thy story,  
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,

To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:  
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,

Still to survive in my immortal song.

## Sonnet 8

There's nothing grieves me, but that age  
    should haste,  
That in my days I may not see thee old,  
That where those two clear sparkling eyes  
    are placed,  
Only two loopholes then I might behold:  
That lovely, arched, ivory, polished brow  
Defaced with wrinkles, that I might but  
    see;  
Thy dainty hair, so curled and crisped  
    now,  
Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree;  
Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk  
    and lean,  
Thy lips with age as any wafer thin,  
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean,  
That, when thou feed'st, thy nose shall  
    touch thy chin.  
These lines that now thou scornst, which  
    should delight thee,  
Then would I make thee read, but to  
    despite thee.

## Sonnet 10

To nothing fitter can I thee compare  
Than to the son of some rich penny-  
father,

Who, having now brought on his end  
with care,

Leaves to his son all he had heaped  
together.

This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,  
To one man gives, doth on another spend,  
Then here he riots, yet, amongst the rest,  
Haps to lend some to one true honest  
friend.

Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,  
False friends thy kindness, born but to  
deceive thee;

Thy love that is on the unworthy placed;  
Time hath thy beauty, which with age  
will leave thee;

Only that little which to me was lent,  
I give thee back when all the rest is  
spent.

## Sonnet II

Your're not alone when you are still  
alone:

O God, from you that I could private be!  
Since you one were, I never since was  
one;

Since you in me, my self since out of me,  
Transported from my self into your being,  
Though either distant, present yet to  
either;

Senseless with too much joy, each other  
seeing,

And only absent when we are together.  
Give me myself, and take yourself again;  
Devise some means but how I may for-  
sake you;

So much is mine that doth with you re-  
main,

That taking what is mine, with me I  
take you

You do bewitch me: O that I could fly  
From my self you, or from your own  
self I!

## Sonnet 20

An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me  
still,  
Wherewith, alas, I have been long pos-  
sesst;  
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,  
Nor give me once but one poor minute's  
rest.  
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,  
And when by means to drive it out I try,  
With greater torments then it me doth  
take,  
And tortures me in most extremity.  
Before my face it lays down my despairs,  
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;  
Now tempting me to drown myself in  
tears,  
And then in sighing to give up my breath.  
Thus am I still provoked to every evil,  
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel  
devil.



### Sonnet 34

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power  
    admire,  
Ravished a world beyond the farthest  
    thought,  
And knowing more than ever hath been  
    taught,  
That I am only starved in my desire:  
Marvel not, Love, though I thy power  
    admire,  
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,  
To wisdom's self to minister direction,  
That I am only starved in my desire:  
Marvel not, Love, though I thy power  
    admire,  
Though my conceit I further seem to bend  
Than possibly invention can extend,  
And yet am only starved in my desire:  
    If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder,  
    Love,  
That this to me doth yet no wonder  
    prove.

## Sonnet 37

Dear, why should you command me to  
my rest,  
When now the night doth summon all to  
sleep?  
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;  
Night was ordained, together friends to  
keep.  
How happy are all other living things,  
Which though the day disjoin by several  
flight,  
The quiet evening yet together brings,  
And each returns unto his love at night.  
O thou that art so courteous else to all,  
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only  
thus,  
That every creature to his kind dost call,  
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?  
Well could I wish it would be ever day,  
If, when night comes, you bid me go  
away.

### Sonnet 43

Why should your fair eyes, with such  
sovereign grace,  
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,  
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same  
place,  
Get not one glance to recompense my  
merit?  
So doth the plowman gaze the wandering  
star,  
And only rest contented with the light,  
That never learned what constellations are,  
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.  
O why should beauty, custom to obey,  
To their gross sense apply herself so ill?  
Would God I were as ignorant as they,  
When I am made unhappy by my skill!  
Only compelled on this poor good to  
boast,  
Heavens are not kind to them that know  
them most.

## Sonnet 44

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,  
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my  
face,

Where, in the map of all my misery,  
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace:  
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,  
Medea like, I make thee young again,  
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing  
rhymes,

And murderest virtue with thy coy disdain.  
And though in youth my youth untimely  
perish,

To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,  
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,  
Where I entombed my better part shall  
save;

And though this earthly body fade and  
die,

My name shall mount upon eternity.

### Sonnet 47

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame  
Gave life and courage to my labouring  
pen,

And first the sound and virtue of my  
name

Won grace and credit in the ears of men;  
With those, the thronged theatres that  
press,

I in the circuit for the laurel strove,  
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,  
In heat of blood, a modest mind might  
move.

With shouts and claps at every little  
pause,

When the proud round on every side hath  
rung,

Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause,  
As though to me it nothing did belong.

No public glory vainly I pursue,  
All that I seek is to eternize you.

## Sonnet 49

Thou leaden brain, which censur'st what  
I write,  
And sayst my lines be dull, and do not  
move,  
I marvel not thou feelst not my delight,  
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love.  
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-  
horse served,  
Whose stomach unto gall hath turned thy  
food,  
Whose senses, like poor prisoners, hunger-  
starved,  
Whose grief hath parched thy body, dried  
thy blood:  
Thou which hast scorned life, and hated  
death,  
And, in a moment, mad, sober, glad, and  
sorry;  
Thou which hast banned thy thoughts,  
and cursed thy birth,  
With thousand plagues more than in pur-  
gatory:  
Thou, thus whose spirit Love in his fire  
refines,  
Come thou and read, admire, applaud  
my lines.

## Sonnet 56

When like an eaglet I first found my love,  
For that the virtue I thereof would know,  
Upon the nest I set it forth, to prove  
If it were of that kingly kind or no:  
But it no sooner saw my sun appear,  
But on her rays with open eyes it stood,  
To show that I had hatched it for the air,  
And rightly came from that brave-mount-  
ing brood.

And, when the plumes were summed with  
sweet desire

To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies;  
Do what I could, it need'sly would aspire  
To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes.

Thus from my breast, where it was bred  
alone,

It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

## Sonnet 59

As Love and I late harboured in one inn,  
With proverbs thus each other entertain:  
In love there is no lack, thus I begin;  
Fair words make fools, replieth he again:  
Who spares to speak doth spare to speed,  
    quoth I;

As well, saith he, too forward as too slow:  
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply;  
A hasty man, quoth he, ne'er wanted woe:  
Labour is light where love, quoth I, doth  
    pay;

Saith he, Light burden's heavy, if far  
    borne:

Quoth I, the main lost, cast the bye away:  
You have spun a fair thread, he replies in  
    scorn.

And having thus awhile each other  
    thwarted,

Fools as we met, so fools again we  
    parted.



## Sonnet 61

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and  
part.

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my  
heart,

That thus so cleanly I myself can free.  
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our  
vows,

And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.  
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest  
breath,

When, his pulse failing, Passion speech-  
less lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of  
death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have  
given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him  
yet recover.

# Christopher Marlowe

## The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

## *THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD*

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

## A Fragment

I walked along a stream, for pureness  
rare,  
Brighter than sunshine; for it did ac-  
quaint  
The dullest sight with all the glorious  
prey  
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,  
Even Nature's rarest alchemy ran there;  
Diamonds resolved, and substance more  
divine,  
Through whose bright gliding current  
might appear  
A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory  
shine,  
Enamelling the banks, made them more  
dear  
Than ever was that glorious Palace gate  
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph  
sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,  
The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,

## *A FRAGMENT*

As kind companions, in one union grows,  
Folding their twining arms, as oft we  
see

Turtle-taught lovers, either other close,  
Lending to dulness feeling sympathy;  
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,  
So did their garland tops the brook o'er-  
spread.

Their leaves, that differed both in shape  
and show,  
Though all were green, yet difference  
such in green,  
Like to the checkered bent of Iris' bow,  
Pried the running main, as it had  
been . . .

# William Shakespeare

## Come unto these Yellow Sands

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kissed  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!  
Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:  
Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting cnanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

## Full Fathom Five

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Ding-dong.  
Hark! now I hear them: Ding-dong,  
bell.

## Where the Bee Sucks

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Where the bee sucks there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.



## Who is Sylvia?

FROM "THE TWO  
GENTLEMEN OF  
VERONA"

Who is Sylvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,  
That Sylvia is excelling:  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

Take, O, Take  
those Lips Away

FROM "MEASURE  
FOR MEASURE"

Take, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again, bring again;  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in  
vain.

## Sigh no More, Ladies

FROM "MUCH ADO  
ABOUT NOTHING"

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

## On a Day

FROM "LOVE'S  
LABOUR'S LOST"

On a day—alack the day!—  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, can passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow:  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee;  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiopè were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

*WHEN DAISIES BLED*

The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

*Winter*

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw  
And birds sit brooding in the snow  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When Daisies  
Pied and  
Violets Blue

FROM "LOVE'S  
LABOUR'S LOST"

*Spring*

When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

## WHEN DAMIAN FIED

The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

### *Winter*

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
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When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## Over Hill, over Dale

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-  
NIGHT'S DREAM"

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dewdrops here  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all her elves come here  
anon.



## You Spotted Snakes

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-  
NIGHT'S DREAM"

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy queen.  
Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.  
Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good-night, with lullaby.

## The Ousel Cock

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-  
NIGHT'S DREAM"

The ousel cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill,

The finch, the sparrow, and the jay,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark  
And dares not answer nay.

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## Now the Hungry Lion Roars

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-  
NIGHT'S DREAM"

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night  
That the graves all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic: not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallowed house:  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

## Tell me Where is Fancy Bred

FROM "THE MERCHANT  
OF VENICE"

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,  
Ding, dong, bell.



## Under the Greenwood Tree

FROM "AS YOU  
LIKE IT"

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
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## Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green  
holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly:  
Then heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.

*BLOW, BLOW, THY TRUTHS UNVEIL*

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green  
holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly:

Then heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

## It Was a Lover and His Lass

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT "

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring  
time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

*A LOVER AND HIS LASS*

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

## O Mistress Mine

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low: \*  
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.



When that I  
was and a Little  
Tiny Boy

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their  
gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.



*WHEN THAT I WAS*

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

## When Daffodils Begin to Peer

FROM "THE  
WINTER'S TALE"

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's  
pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how  
they sing!  
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and  
the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

## Jog on, Jog on

FROM "THE  
WINTER'S TALE"

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

## Lawn as White as Driven Snow

FROM "THE  
WINTER'S TALE"

Lawn as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come  
buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
Come buy.

Why, let the  
Stricken Deer  
go Weep

FROM "HAMLET"

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;  
For some must watch, while some must  
sleep:  
So runs the world away.

How should I  
your True  
Love know

FROM "HAMLET"

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

## And Will He Not Come Again?

FROM "HAMLET"

And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead:  
Go to thy death-bed:  
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul!





## Hark, Hark! the Lark

FROM "CYMBELINE"

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate  
sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise:  
Arise, arise.

**Fear no More  
the Heat o'  
the Sun**

FROM "CYMBELINE"

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*FEAR NO MORE*

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

## The Phoenix and the Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precurrer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feathered king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender makest  
With the breath thou givest and takest,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

## PHOENIX AND TURTLE

Here the anthem doth commence;  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division one:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together,  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded,

## PHOENIX AND TURTLE

That it cried, How true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

### THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest:  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be:  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

### Sonnet XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's  
eyes,

I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless  
cries

And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends  
possessed,

Desiring this man's art and that man's  
scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-  
spising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at  
heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remembered such  
wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state  
with kings.

### Sonnet XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent  
thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's  
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless  
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancelled  
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanished  
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear  
friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end.



## Sonnet LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but  
tend

Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the 'world-without-end  
hour

Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock  
for you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once  
adieu;

Nor dare I question with my jealous  
thought

Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of  
nought

Save, where you are how happy you make  
those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no  
ill.

## Sonnet LX

Like as the waves make towards the  
pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes  
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being  
crowned,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift  
confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on  
youth

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to  
mow:

And yet to times in hope my verse shall  
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel  
hand.

## Sonnet LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand  
defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried  
age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-  
razed  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with  
store;  
When I have seen such interchange of  
state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
That Time will come and take my love  
away.  
This thought is as a death, which can-  
not choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to  
lose.

## Sonnet LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor  
boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a  
plea,

Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold  
out

Against the wreckful siege of battering  
days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time  
decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest  
lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift  
foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still  
shine bright.

## Sonnet LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I  
cry,

As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would  
I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

### Sonnet LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms  
to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be  
forgot

If thinking on me then should make you  
woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with  
clay,

Do not so much as my poor name re-  
hearse,

But let your love even with my life decay,  
Lest the wise world should look into  
your moan

And mock you with me after I am  
gone.

## Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me be-  
hold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do  
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against  
the cold,

Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet  
birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such  
day

As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take  
away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in  
rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such  
fire

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire

Consumed with that which it was nour-  
ished by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy  
love more strong,

To love that well which thou must  
leave ere long.

### Sonnet XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do  
none,  
That do not do the thing they most do  
show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as  
stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their  
faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer  
sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die,  
But if that flower with base infection  
meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
deeds;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than  
weeds.



## Sonnet XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting  
year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark days  
seen!

What old December's bareness every-  
where!

And yet this time removed was summer's  
time,

The teeming autumn, big with rich in-  
crease,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
Like widowed wombs after their lords' de-  
cease:

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me  
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on  
thee,

And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a  
cheer

That leaves look pale, dreading the  
winter's near.

### Sonnet XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April dressed in all his  
trim

Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped  
with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet  
smell

Of different flowers in odour and in hue  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where  
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of de-  
light,

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did  
play.

## Sonnet CII

My love is strengthened, though more  
weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show  
appear:

That love is merchandized whose rich  
esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every-  
where.

Our love was new and then but in the  
spring

When I was wont to greet it with my  
lays,

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper  
days:

Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush  
the night,

But that wild music burthens every bough  
And sweets grown common lose their dear  
delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my  
tongue,

Because I would not dull you with my  
song.

## Sonnet CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I  
eyed,

Such seems your beauty still. Three  
winters cold

Have from the forests shook three  
summers' pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
turned

In process of the seasons have I seen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
burned,

Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are  
green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure and no pace per-  
ceived;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still  
doth stand,

Hath motion and mine eye may be de-  
ceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age  
unbred;

Ere you were born was beauty's summer  
dead.

## Sonnet CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have expressed

Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And, for they looked but with divining  
eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to  
sing:

For we, which now behold these present  
days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues  
to praise.

## Sonnet CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap  
    what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new;  
Most true it is that I have looked on truth  
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another  
    youth,  
And worse essays proved thee my best of  
    love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have  
    no end:  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven  
    the best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving  
    breast.

## Sonnet CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune  
chide,

The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means which public manners  
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a  
brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,

Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure  
ye

Even that your pity is enough to cure  
me.

## Sonnet CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his  
height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips  
and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.



## Sonnet CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of  
blame,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, ex-  
treme;

A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none  
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to  
this hell.

## Sonnet CXLIII

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feathered creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe and makes all swift  
dispatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have  
stay,

Whilst her neglected child holds her in  
chase,

Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from  
thee,

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to  
me,

And play the mother's part, kiss me, be  
kind:

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy  
"Will",

If thou turn back, and my loud crying  
still.

Sonnet CXLVI

poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
boiled by these rebel powers that thee  
array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer  
dearth,  
painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a  
lease,  
lost thou upon thy fading mansion  
spend?  
hall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's  
loss,  
and let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds  
on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more  
dying then.



## Thomas Campion

Follow your  
Saint, follow  
with Accents  
Sweet!

Follow your saint, follow with accents  
sweet!

Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying  
feet!

There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity  
move,

And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish  
for her love:

But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,

Then burst with sighing in her sight and  
ne'er return again!

All that I sang still to her praise did  
tend;

Still she was first; still she my songs did  
end:

*FOLLOW YOUR SAINT*

Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
The music that her Echo is and beauty's  
sympathy.

Then let my notes pursue her scornful  
flight!

It shall suffice that they were breathed  
and died for her delight.

Hark, all you  
Ladies that  
do Sleep!

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!  
The fairy-queen Proserpina  
Bids you awake and pity them that weep:  
You may do in the dark  
What the day doth forbid;  
Fear not the dogs that bark,  
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,  
The fairy-queen Proserpina  
Will send abroad her fairies every one,  
That shall pinch black and blue  
Your white hands and fair arms  
That did not kindly rue  
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs  
The fairy-queen Proserpina,  
This night by moonshine leading merry  
rounds,

*HARK, ALL YOU LADIES*

Holds a watch with sweet love,  
Down the dale, up the hill;  
No plaints nor groans may move  
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,  
The fairy-queen Proserpina  
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;  
Roses red, lilies white,  
And the clear damask hue,  
Shall on your cheeks alight:  
Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,  
The fairy-queen Proserpina  
Bids you increase that loving humour  
more:  
They that have not fed  
On delight amorous,  
She vows that they shall lead  
Apes in Avernus.



When Thou  
must Home  
to Shades of  
Underground

When thou must home to shades of underground,

And there arrived, a new admired guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music  
hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,

Of masques and revels which sweet youth  
did make,

Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,

And all those triumphs for thy beauty's sake:

When thou hast told these honours done  
to thee,

Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder  
me.

## Whether Men do Laugh or Weep

Whether men do laugh or weep,  
Whether they do wake or sleep,  
Whether they die young or old,  
Whether they feel heat or cold;  
There is, underneath the sun,  
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest:  
None are worst, and none are best;  
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,  
Play their pageants everywhere:  
Vain opinion all doth sway,  
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,  
Mocking our poor apish wit;  
That so lamely, with such state,  
Their high glory imitate:  
No ill can be felt but pain,  
And that happy men disdain.

Where are all  
Thy Beauties  
now?

Where are all thy beauties now, all hearts  
enchaining?  
Whither are thy flatterers gone with all  
their feigning?  
All fled! and thou alone still here remain-  
ing!

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is  
turned!  
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so  
much burned!  
Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom  
mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still pro-  
claimed,  
That none worthier than thyself thy worth  
hath blamed;  
When their poor names are lost, thou  
shalt live famed.

*WHERE ARE THY BEAUTIES*

When thy story, long time hence, shall  
be perused,  
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus ex-  
cused,  
“None ever lived more just, none more  
abused”.

What then  
is Love but  
Mourning?

What then is love but mourning?  
What desire, but a self-burning?  
Till she, that hates, doth love return,  
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,  
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Beauty is but a blooming,  
Youth in his glory entombing;  
Time hath a while, which none can stay:  
Then come away, while thus I sing,  
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Summer in winter fadeth;  
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth:  
Like to the morn, are Venus flowers;  
Such are her hours: then will I sing,  
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Turn all thy  
Thoughts  
to Eyes

Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,  
Turn all thy hairs to ears,  
Change all thy friends to spies,  
And all thy joys to fears:  
True love will yet be free,  
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,  
Conjectures into truth,  
Believe what the envious say,  
Let age interpret youth:  
True love will yet be free,  
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,  
Rack every hidden thought,  
Or fish with golden hook;  
True love cannot be caught.  
For that will still be free,  
In spite of jealousy!

Love Me or  
not, Love Her  
I Must or Die

Love me or not, love her I must or die;  
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.  
O that her grace would my wished com-  
forts give!

How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,  
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me:  
Envy should cease, her would I love  
alone:

Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,  
Her would I charm softly that none  
should hear.

But love enforced rarely yields firm con-  
tent;

So would I love that neither should repent.

**Awake, thou  
Spring of  
Speaking Grace!**

Awake, thou spring of speaking grace!  
mute rest becomes not thee!

The fairest women, while they sleep, and  
pictures, equal be.

O come and dwell in love's dis-  
courses!

Old renewing, new creating.

The words which thy rich tongue  
discourses,

Are not of the common rating!

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which  
Music doth beget,

Thy speech is as an Oracle which none  
can counterfeit:

For thou alone, without offending,  
Hast obtained power of enchant-  
ing;

And I could hear thee without  
ending,

Other comfort never wanting.



*AWAKE, THOU SPRING*

Some little reason brutish lives with  
human glory share;

But language is our proper grace, from  
which they severed are.

As brutes in reason man surpasses,

Men in speech excel each other:

If speech be then the best of graces,

Do it not in slumber smother!

There is None,  
O None but You

There is none, O none but you,  
That from me estrange your sight,  
Whom mine eyes affect to view  
Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,  
In you I all graces find;  
Such is the effect of love,  
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,  
Only seem you fair to me;  
Yet prove truly kind and just,  
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford me then your sight,  
That, surveying all your looks,  
Endless volumes I may write  
And fill the world with envied books:

Which when after-ages view,  
All shall wonder and despair,  
Woman to find man so true,  
Or man a woman half so fair.

Follow thy  
Fair Sun,  
Unhappy  
Shadow!

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!  
Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;  
Though here thou livest disgraced,  
And she in heaven is placed,  
Yet follow her whose light the world  
reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty  
burneth,  
That so have scorched thee,  
As thou still black must be,  
Till her kind beams thy black to bright-  
ness turneth.

Follow her! while yet her glory shineth:  
There comes a luckless night,  
That will dim all her light;  
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

*FOLLOW THY FAIR SUN*

Follow still! since so thy fates ordained;  
The sun must have his shade,  
Till both at once do fade;  
The sun still proved, the shadow still  
disdained.

Though your  
Strangeness  
Frets my Heart

Though your strangeness frets my heart,  
Yet may not I complain:  
You persuade me, 'tis but art,  
That secret love must feign.  
If another you affect,  
'Tis but a show, to avoid suspect.  
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Your wished sight if I desire,  
Suspicious you pretend:  
Causeless you yourself retire,  
While I in vain attend.  
This a lover whets, you say,  
Still made more eager by delay.  
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,  
You swear I hold your heart:  
When my rivals close do stand,  
And I sit far apart,  
I am nearer yet than they,  
Hid in your bosom, as you say.  
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

*THOUGH YOUR STRANGENESS*

Would my rival then I were,  
Or else your secret friend:  
So much lesser should I fear, \*  
And not so much attend.  
They enjoy you, every one,  
Yet I must seem your friend alone.  
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Now let Her  
Change and  
Spare not!

Now let her change and spare not!  
Since she proves strange I care not:  
Feigned love charmed so my delight  
That still I doted on her sight.  
But she is gone, new joys embracing  
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,  
Or vex her with unkindness?  
If my cares served her alone,  
Why is she thus untimely gone?  
True love abides to the hour of dying:  
False love is ever flying.

False! then, farewell for ever!  
Once false proves faithful never:  
He that boasts now of thy love,  
Shall soon my present fortunes prove.  
Were he as fair as bright Adonis,  
Faith is not had, where none is.

Kind are  
her Answers

Kind are her answers,  
But her performance keeps no day;  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own music when they stray.  
All her free favours  
And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.  
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?  
Can true love yield such delay,  
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,  
When we submit to women so:  
Why do we need them  
When, in their best they work our woe?  
There is no wisdom  
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt.  
O why is the good of man with evil mixt?  
Never were days yet called two,  
But one night went betwixt.



"Maids are  
Simple," some  
men Say

"Maids are simple," some men say,  
"They, forsooth, will trust no men."  
But should they men's wills obey,  
Maids are very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,  
Few men wear it in their hearts;  
Lovers are more easily known  
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give  
To a faithless wandering Jew  
Than a young man's vows believe  
When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind child,  
But let none trust such as he:  
Rather than to be beguiled,  
Ever let me simple be.

**Come, O come,  
my Life's Delight**

Come, O come, my life's delight,  
Let me not in languor pine!  
Love loves no delay; thy sight,  
The more enjoyed, the more divine:  
O come, and take from me  
The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,  
Like a little world of bliss.  
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose  
In them pure and eternal is.  
Come, then, and make thy flight  
As swift to me as heavenly light.

**Give  
Beauty all  
her Right**

Give beauty all her right,  
She's not to one form tied;  
Each shape yields fair delight,  
Where her perfections 'bide.  
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;  
And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;  
Some swelling lips and red;  
Pale looks have many friends,  
Through sacred sweetness bred.  
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,  
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound  
To one unmoved clime:  
She visits every ground,  
And favours every time.  
Let the old loves with mine compare,  
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

## Rose-cheeked Laura, Come

Rose-cheeked Laura, come;  
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's  
Silent music, either other  
Sweetly gracing;

Lovely forms do flow  
From concert divinely framed;  
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's  
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing  
Discords need for helps to grace them,  
Only beauty purely loving  
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,  
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in them-  
selves eternal.

Thrice toss  
these Oaken  
Ashes in  
the Air

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,  
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted  
chair;  
And thrice three times, tie up this true  
love's knot!  
And murmur soft "She will, or she will  
not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue  
fire,  
These screech-owl's feathers and this prick-  
ling briar;  
This cypress gathered at a dead man's  
grave;  
That all thy fears and cares an end may  
have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me  
a round!  
Melt her hard heart with your melodious  
sound!  
In vain are all the charms I can devise:  
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

Shall I Come,  
Sweet Love,  
to Thee

Shall I come, sweet love, to thee,  
When the evening beams are set?  
Shall I not excluded be?  
Will you find no feigned let?  
Let me not, for pity, more,  
Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,  
In the covert of the night,  
For his prey will work my woe,  
Or through wicked foul despite?  
So may I die unredrest,  
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,  
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,  
'Tis enough in such a place  
To attend love's joys in vain.  
Do not mock me in thy bed,  
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

Thus I Resolve,  
and Time hath  
Taught me So

Thus I resolve, and time hath taught me  
so,

Since she is fair and ever kind to me,  
Though she be wild and wanton-like in  
show,

Those little stains in youth I will not see,  
That she be constant, heaven I oft implore:  
If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm-tree the more you press, the more it  
grows;

Leave it alone it will not much exceed.  
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose:  
And for affection, strange distaste you  
breed.

What Nature hath not taught, no Art can  
frame:

Wild born be wild still, though by force  
you tame.

Never  
Love unless  
you Can

Never love unless you can  
Bear with all the faults of man:  
Men sometimes will jealous be,  
Though but little cause they see;  
And hang the head, as discontent,  
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,  
Make a show of love to more:  
Beauty must be scorned in none,  
Though but truly served in one:  
For what is courtship, but disguise?  
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,  
Must a while themselves retire,  
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,  
And not ever sit and talk.  
If these and such like you can bear,  
Then like, and love, and never fear!



So Quick, so  
Hot, so Mad is  
thy Fond Suit

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,  
So rude, so tedious grown, in urging  
me,  
That fain I would, with loss, make thy  
tongue mute,  
And yield some little grace to quiet  
thee:  
An hour with thee I care not to converse,  
For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for me all  
fire;  
And hills too high for my unused pace;  
The grove is charged with thorns and the  
bold briar;  
Gray snakes the meadows shroud in every  
place:  
A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,  
As I should start and tremble as I go.

*SO QUICK, SO HOT*

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,  
In heaven I am resolved with you to  
meet:

Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your  
tired mind

And not so much as see me in the street:  
A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,  
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

**Silly Boy,  
't is Full  
Moon Yet**

Silly boy, 't is full moon yet, thy night as  
day shines clearly;  
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst  
not love so dearly.  
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures  
are bereaved;  
Little knows he how to love that never  
was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs  
yet unstained;  
All is artless now you speak, not one word,  
yet, is feigned;  
All is heaven that you behold, and all your  
thoughts are blessed;  
But no spring can want his fall, each  
Troilus hath his Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely  
hang neglected;  
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief  
on earth dejected.

*SILLY BOY*

Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that  
made thy heart so holy,  
And with sighs confess, in love that too  
much faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may  
beget a wonder,  
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's  
fatal thunder.  
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto  
his day of dying,  
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most  
worthy the envying.

If thou  
Long'st so  
much to Learn

If thou long'st so much to learn, sweet  
boy, what 'tis to love,  
Do but fix thy thought on me and thou  
shalt quickly prove.  
Little suit, at first, shall win  
Way to thy abashed desire,  
But then will I hedge thee in  
Salamander-like with fire!

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy  
fond dalliance bear;  
We the grovy hills will climb, and play the  
wantons there;  
Other whiles we'll gather flowers,  
Lying dallying on the grass;  
And thus our delightful hours  
Full of waking dreams shall pass.

When thy joys were thus at height, my  
love should turn from thee;

Old acquaintance then should grow as  
    strange as strange might be;  
Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,  
    Breaking all their hearts for me,  
While to all I'll prove more kind  
    And more forward than to thee.

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon  
    my love defy;  
But, alas, poor soul, too late! clipt wings  
    can never fly.  
Those sweet hours which we had past,  
    Called to mind, thy heart would burn;  
And couldst thou fly ne'er so fast,  
    They would make thee straight return.

Break now,  
my Heart,  
and Die

Break now, my heart, and die! O no,  
she may relent.

Let my despair prevail! O stay, hope is  
not spent.

Should she now fix one smile on thee,  
where were despair?

The loss is but easy, which smiles can  
repair.

A stranger would please thee, if she were  
as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none  
breathes as she;

The more is my despair, alas, she loves  
not me!

But cannot time make way for love through  
ribs of steel?

The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the  
heel,

At last a shaft daunted, which his heart  
did feel.

Why Presumes  
thy Pride  
on That

Why presumes thy pride on that that must  
so private be,  
Scarce that it can good be called, though  
it seems best to thee,  
Best of all that Nature framed or curious  
eye can see?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a  
blossom grows;  
Which who views no more enjoys than on  
a bush a rose,  
That, by many's handling, fades: and thou  
art one of those.

If to one thou shalt prove true, and all  
beside reject,  
Then art thou but one man's good, which  
yields a poor effect:  
For the commonest good by far deserves  
the best respect.



### *WHY PRESUMES THY PRIDE*

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt  
common make,  
Thou art then not good at all: so thou  
canst no way take  
But to prove the meanest good or else all  
good forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her  
colours bear  
That they prove not stains to her, that  
them for grace should wear:  
So shalt thou to all more fair than thou  
wert born appear.

## Blame not my Cheeks

Blame not my cheeks, though pale with  
love they be;  
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,  
To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,  
Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown:  
For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,  
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward  
parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood  
are stained,  
Nurse not one spark of love within their  
hearts;  
And, when they woo, they speak with  
passion feigned,  
For their fat love lies in their outward  
parts:  
But in their breasts, where Love his court  
should hold,  
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for  
cold.

**If I Hope, I  
Pine; if I Fear, I  
Faint and Die**

If I hope, I pine; if I fear, I faint and  
die;

So, between hope and fear, I desperate lie,  
Looking for joy to heaven, whence it  
should come:

But hope is blind; joy, deaf; and I am  
dumb.

Yet I speak and cry; but, alas, with words  
of woe:

And joy conceives not them that murmur  
so.

He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,  
Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier  
verse.

## The Man of Life Upright

The man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude  
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence;

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
He makes the heaven his book,  
His wisdom heavenly things;

*THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT*

Good thoughts his only friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage.

**Awake, Awake,  
thou Heavy  
Sprite**

Awake, awake, thou heavy sprite,  
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!  
Rise now and walk the ways of light!  
'Tis not too late yet to begin.  
Seek heaven early, seek it late:  
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man!  
Thy track to endless joy or pain  
Yields but the model of a span;  
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!  
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss!  
Then watch and labour, while time is.

**Come, Cheerful  
Day, Part of  
my Life to Me**

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me:  
For while thou view'st me with thy fading  
light,  
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,  
And I still onward haste to my last night.  
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly:  
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,  
How are my days deprived of life in you,  
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,  
By feigned death life sweetly to renew!  
Part of my life in that, you life deny:  
So every day we live a day we die.

## How Easily Wert Thou Chained

How easily wert thou chained,  
Fond heart, by favours feigned!  
Why lived thy hopes in grace,  
Straight to die disdained?  
But since thou art now beguiled  
By love that falsely smiled,  
In some less happy place  
Mourn alone exiled!  
My love still here increaseth,  
And with my love my grief,  
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,  
That gave my woes relief.  
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,  
For such may prove unjust;  
A goddess thus deceives me,  
Whose faith who could mistrust?

A goddess so much graced,  
That Paradise is placed  
In her most heavenly breast,  
Once by love embraced:



## HOW EASILY CHAINED

But love, that so kind proved,  
Is now from her removed,  
Nor will he longer rest  
Where no faith is loved.  
If powers celestial wound us  
And will not yield relief,  
Woe then must needs confound us,  
For none can cure our grief.  
No wonder if I languish  
Through burden of my smart:  
It is no common anguish  
From Paradise to part.

Harden now  
thy Tired  
Heart

Harden now thy tired heart, with more  
than flinty rage!  
Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy  
constant grief assuage!  
Once true happy days thou saw'st when she  
stood firm and kind,  
Both as one then lived and held one ear,  
one tongue, one mind:  
But now those bright hours be fled, and  
never may return;  
What then remains but her untruths to  
mourn?

Silly traitoress, who shall now thy careless  
tresses place?  
Who thy pretty talk supply, whose ear thy  
music grace?  
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what  
lips triumph with thine?  
Day by day who'll visit thee and say:  
"Thou art only mine?"  
Such a time there was, God wot, but such  
shall never be:  
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

**Jack and Joan,  
they Think no Ill**

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,  
But loving live, and merry still;  
Do their week-days' work, and pray  
Devoutly on the holy day:  
Skip and trip it on the green,  
And help to choose the Summer Queen;  
Lash out, at a country feast,  
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,  
And tell at large a winter tale;  
Climb up to the apple loft,  
And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
Tib is all the father's joy,  
And little Tom the mother's boy.  
All their pleasure is content;  
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,  
And deck her windows with green boughs;  
She can wreaths and tuttyes make,  
And trim with plums a bridal cake.

## *JACK AND JOAN*

Jack knows what brings gain or loss;  
And his long flail can stoutly toss;  
Makes the hedge, which others break;  
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,  
That study only strange delights;  
Though you scorn the home-spun gray,  
And revel in your rich array:  
Though your tongues dissemble deep,  
And can your heads from danger keep;  
Yet, for all your pomp and train,  
Securer lives the silly swain.

## The Peaceful Western Wind

The peaceful western wind  
The winter storms hath tamed,  
And Nature in each kind  
The kind heat hath inflamed:  
The forward buds so sweetly breathe  
Out of their earthly bowers,  
That heaven, which views their pomp  
beneath,  
Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles  
On her bright eastern hill,  
And with soft steps beguiles  
Them that lie slumbering still!  
The music-loving birds are come  
From cliffs and rocks unknown,  
To see the trees and briars bloom  
That late were overflown.

What Saturn did destroy,  
Love's Queen revives again;  
And now her naked boy  
Doth in the fields remain,

*PEACEFUL WESTERN WIND*

Where he such pleasing change doth view  
In every living thing,  
As if the world were born anew  
To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,  
Why die my comforts then?  
Why suffers my content?  
Am I the worst of men?  
O, Beauty, be not thou accused  
Too justly in this case!  
Unkindly if true love be used,  
'Twill yield thee little grace.

**What is a Day,  
What is a Year?**

What is a day, what is a year  
Of vain delight and pleasure?  
Like to a dream it endless dies,  
And from us like a vapour flies:  
And this is all the fruit that we find,  
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,  
With virtue must be graced;  
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,  
Which ever will appear at last:  
But if we still in virtue delight,  
Our souls are in heaven placed.

Think'st thou to  
Seduce me then  
with Words  
that have  
no Meaning?

Think'st thou to seduce me then with  
words that have no meaning?  
Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech  
by pieces gleaning:  
Nurses teach their children so about the  
time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo: to  
wooing, much pertaineth:  
He that courts us wanting art, soon falters  
when he feigneth,  
Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles,  
when he complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits  
for every season;  
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes  
do, that want reason:  
Gudgeons only can be caught with such  
poor tricks of treason.



THINK OF THOU THEN

Ruth forgive me, if I erred from human  
heart's compassion,  
When I laughed sometimes too much to  
see thy foolish fashion:  
But, alas, who less could do that found  
so good occasion!

Dear, if I with  
Guile would Gild  
a True Intent

Dear, if I with guile would gild a true  
intent,  
Heaping flatteries that in heart were never  
meant:

Easily could I then obtain  
What now in vain I force;  
Falsehood much doth gain,  
Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I  
should thrive,  
Or in praising you myself of truth de-  
prive!

Let not your high thoughts debase  
A simple truth in me:  
Great is Beauty's grace,  
Truth is yet as fair as she!

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it ex-  
ceeds;  
Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value  
needs.

*DEAR, IF I WITH GUILF*

Fair you are, and passing fair;

You know it, and 'tis true:

Yet let none despair

But to find as fair as you.

## Her Fair Inflaming Eyes

Her fair inflaming eyes,  
Chief authors of my cares,  
I prayed in humblest wise  
With grace to view my tears:  
They beheld me broad awake,  
But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,  
And words of fair delight,  
I fairly did beseech,  
To pity my sad plight:  
But a voice from them brake forth,  
As a whirlwind from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,  
That can give heart and all;  
To them I long did plead,  
And loud for pity call:  
But, alas, they put me off,  
With a touch worse than a scoff.

*HER FAIR INFLAMING EYES*

So back I straight returned,  
And at her breast I knocked;  
Where long in vain I mourned,  
Her heart so fast was locked:  
Not a word could passage find,  
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way  
To those most comely parts,  
That make her fly or stay,  
As they affect deserts:  
But her angry feet, thus moved,  
Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,  
As her enraged mind:  
Still did I after haste,  
Still was I left behind;  
Till I found 'twas to no end  
With a Spirit to contend.

**My Sweetest  
Lesbia, let us  
Live and Love**

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;  
And though the sager sort our deeds re-  
prove,

Let us not weigh them: heaven's great  
lamps do dive

Into their west, and straight again re-  
vive:

But soon as once set is our little light,  
Then must we sleep one ever - during  
night.

If all would lead their lives in love like  
me,

Then bloody swords and armour should  
not be;

No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps  
should move,

Unless alarm came from the camp of  
love:

But fools do live, and waste their little  
light,

And seek with pain their ever - during  
night.

### *MY SWEETEST LESBIA*

When timely death my life and fortune  
ends,

Let not my hearse be vexed with mourn-  
ing friends;

But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come  
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy  
tomb:

And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,  
And crown with love my ever-during night.

## Now Winter Nights Enlarge

Now winter nights enlarge  
The number of their hours;  
And clouds their storms discharge  
Upon the airy towers.  
Let now the chimneys blaze  
And cups o'erflow with wine,  
Let well-tuned words amaze  
With harmony divine!  
Now yellow waxen lights  
Shall wait on honey love  
While youthful revels, masques, and  
courtly sights,  
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense  
With lovers' long discourse;  
Much speech hath some defence,  
Though beauty no remorse.  
All do not all things well;  
Some measures comely tread,  
Some knotted riddles tell,  
Some poems smoothly read.  
The summer hath his joys,  
And winter his delights;  
Though love and all his pleasures are but  
toys,  
They shorten tedious nights.



## Thomas Nashe

### Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's  
pleasant king;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance  
in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses  
gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe  
all day,

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss  
our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do  
greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

Spring, the sweet Spring!

## A Lament in Time of Plague

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss,  
This world uncertain is:  
Fond are life's lustful joys,  
Death proves them all but toys.  
None from his darts can fly:  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,  
Gold cannot buy you health;  
Physic himself must fade;  
All things to end are made;  
The plague full swift goes by;  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,  
Which wrinkles will devour:  
Brightness falls from the air;  
Queens have died young and fair;  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

## *LAMENT IN TIME OF PLAGUE*

Strength stoops unto the grave,  
Worms feed on Hector brave:  
Swords may not fight with fate:  
Earth still holds ope her gate.  
Come, come, the bells do cry:  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness  
Tasteth death's bitterness:  
Hell's executioner  
Hath no ears for to hear  
What vain art can reply;  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree  
To welcome destiny:  
Heaven is our heritage,  
Earth but a player's stage.  
Mount we unto the sky;  
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!



## Sir Henry Wotton

### A Woman's Heart

O faithless world, and thy most faithless  
part,

A woman's heart!

The true shop of variety, where sits

Nothing but fits

And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,

Which toys remove.

Why was she born to please? or I to trust

Words writ in dust,

Suffering her eyes to govern my despair,

My pain for air;

And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,

The food of youth?

Untrue she was; yet I believed her eyes,

Instructed spies,

Till I was taught that love was but a  
school

To breed a fool.

## *A WOMAN'S HEART*

Or sought she more, by triumphs of denial,  
To make a trial  
How far her smiles commanded my weak-  
ness?

Yield and confess!

Excuse no more thy folly; but, for cure,  
Blush and endure

As well thy shame as passions that were  
vain;

And think, 'tis gain,

To know that love lodged in a woman's  
breast

Is but a guest.

## The Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

## THE NEW LIFE

This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.



## A Description of the Spring

And now all nature seemed in love;  
The lusty sap began to move;  
New juice did stir the embracing vines,  
And birds had drawn their valentines;  
The jealous trout that now did lie,  
Rose at a well-dissembled fly:  
There stood my friend with patient skill,  
Attending of his trembling quill.  
Already were the eaves possessed  
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest:  
The groves already did rejoice  
In Philomel's triumphing voice.  
The showers were short, the weather mild,  
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.  
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail and now  
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;  
Where, for some sturdy football swain,  
Joan strokes a sillabub or twain.  
The fields and gardens were beset  
With tulip, crocus, violet;  
And now, though late, the modest rose  
Did more than half a blush disclose.  
Thus all looked gay, all full of cheer,  
To welcome the new-liveried year.

On His Mistress,  
the Queen of  
Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light,  
You common people of the skies;  
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,  
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents; what's your praise,  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known  
Like the proud virgins of the year  
As if the spring were all your own;  
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In form and beauty of her mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,  
Tell me if she were not designed  
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

# Barnabe Barnes

## Content

Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?  
Is it with shepherds, and light-hearted  
swains,  
Which sing upon the downs, and pipe  
abroad,  
Tending their flocks and cattle on the  
plains?  
Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely  
rest?  
In heaven, with angels? which the praises  
sing  
Of Him that made, and rules at His  
behest,  
The minds and hearts of every living thing.  
Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine har-  
bour hold?  
Is it in churches, with religious men,  
Which please the gods with prayers  
manifold,  
And in their studies meditate it then?  
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth  
appear,  
Be where thou wilt: thou wilt not har-  
bour here.



## NOTES

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In making this anthology of sixteenth-century poetry I have proceeded, first, as if no other anthology had ever been made, and I have read through the entire poetical literature of the period, so far as it was accessible to me, and so far as it came within the scope of a selection of separate poems; with the single exception, that I have relied on Mr. Bullen's wide knowledge and exquisite judgment in the case of the Elizabethan song-books, and have made my own choice from his final edition of his *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age*. Campion I have read independently, but also in his edition; and it is by his kind permission that I have printed from these and other texts of his. After I had finished this course of reading, I consulted the anthologies of English verse which I knew: *The Golden Treasury*, Mr. Beeching's *Paradise of English Poetry*, Mr. Quiller Couch's *Golden Pomp*, Mr. Arber's *British Anthologies* and *English Garner*, Mr. Linton's *Rare Poems*. The only two poems that I can remember to have come upon for the first time in any of these anthologies are the lines of Howell, which I found in *The Golden Pomp*, and the full text of Verstegen's "Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby", which I found in Mr. Arber's *Shakespeare Anthology*. I have done my best to give an accurate text of all the poems which I have reprinted; always following the best edition known to me, and in as many cases as possible collating such texts with the original editions. I have thus been able to correct a considerable number of erroneous readings, which we find repeated in edition after edition. For one correction I am indebted to Mr. Bullen: the reading of "ripe" for "rich" in the

beautiful poem printed on the first page of his *Lyrics* (see p. 67 above). I have tried to punctuate the poems as rationally as I could: absolute consistency in this, or in stanzaic arrangement, I have not found possible; and I have modernized the spelling throughout, but without altering any old word which would be changed in sound or significance by a change of spelling. Thus in Spenser I have left "chapelet", and not written "chaplet" in its place, because the rhythm would suffer; and I have left words like "prease" when they come at the end of a line, and rhyme with some word with which "press" would not rhyme.

The limits of my selection have been fixed for me by the anthology of seventeenth-century poetry which has already appeared in this series: that selection includes no one born before 1570; mine, in consequence, no one born after 1570. Every poem that I have given I have given in its entirety. I think it is only in one instance, that of Sir Philip Sidney's "Bargain", that I have allowed myself to give a poem in the first, and not the final, form in which it appeared. I have made no attempt to be representative in my choice of poems, but only to choose, so far as I could, the best. Thus if names such as Surrey, Sir Edward Dyer, Sir John Davies, are not found in these pages, it is because I have not found any single poem in any one of them which seems to me worthy of a place among the best poetry of the period.

#### ONCE DID MY THOUGHTS BOTH EBB AND FLOW

*p. 38. made out of wax, i.e. perfectly fitting.*

#### YEA OR NAY

*p. 69. then leave your boards, leave your tackings to and fro.*

#### EPITHALAMION

*p. 72. toad, torch.*

*p. 73. the coming of your joyous make, make = mate.*

*p. 78. the trembling crowd, crowd = fiddle.*

## NOTES

### PERIGOT AND WILLY'S ROUNDELAY

- p.* 93. *gray is greet*, greet=to weep.  
*p.* 94. *as they were wood*, wood=mad.  
*p.* 95. *gride*=pierced.  
*p.* 96. *prief*=proof.

### OUR BLESSED LADY'S LULLABY

- p.* 111. *my livës joy*, livës=life's.

### OF MISERY

- p.* 119. *Corpse*=body.

### THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

- p.* 124. *sain*=say.

### THE PILGRIMAGE

- p.* 133. *suckets*=sugar-plums.

### SONNETS FROM ASTROPHEL AND STELLA—XXXIX

- p.* 151. *prease*=press.

### LOVE'S LAWS

- p.* 182. *foster*=forester.

### SPRING—"WHAT BIRD SO SINGS"

- p.* 183. *prick-song*, harmony pricked or written down.

### THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG

- p.* 189. *baulk*=bank.

### SENNESTIA'S CRADLE SONG

- p.* 212. *bliss*=bless.

### THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

- p.* 221. *sithe*=time.

## NOTES

### THE BALLAD OF DOWSABILL

- p.* 273. *cleped* = called.  
*she was ycound the leir* = she knew the learning.  
*p.* 274. *setyrwall* = valerian.  
*p.* 275. *loke* = lock, fleece of wool.  
*bauzon* = badger.  
*cordiavin* = Spanish leather.  
*lingel* = thread.  
*Cointree* = Coventry.  
*p.* 277. *blist* = blest.

### THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

- p.* 281. *threaves* = wheat-sheaves.  
*p.* 288. *respas* = raspberry.

### NYMPHIDIA

- p.* 292. *hays* = country dances.  
*p.* 293. *aulfe* = oaf.  
*p.* 301. *lin* = stop.







